THE SCOURGE.

DECEMBER 1, 1812.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Censor's "Third Letter to a Noble Lord," will be inserted in our next.

Our correspondent on the subject of the hop contract, is in all probability mistaken. We do not think that the gentleman alluded to has any pretensions to dance the Old Bailey hornpipe.

The proceedings of the district surveyor, on Mr. Soane's projection, shall meet with the requisite investigation in our next number.

Anecdotes of medical and pharmaceutical quackery, will always meet with a ready insertion in the pages of the Scourge.

Circumstances which will be easily understood by the attentive reader, have prevented us from noticing, as we had at first intended, the burlesque addresses of Messrs. H. and J. Smith. We earnestly recommend them to the attention of our readers.

Memoirs of the celebrated *Doctor* L——t, Jun. will be given in our next number.

Some curious anecdotes of Sir M——— L———, Bart. will also *grace* our next.

The festivities of P—— House, with the different rehearsals at that private theatre of licentiousness and folly, are under consideration.

We expect *Small-pica* to fulfil his promise respecting the anecdotes of Mr. B——, and hope that the new year will usher in his memoirs and *literary character!!!*

We recommend to our friend at Salisbury, "*The Man of Ten Thousand*," to avoid the water's edge in the evening, lest he slip in, and then the —— will be robbed of his due.

Our friend *Anne* from the Potteries shall be attended to.

In our correspondent X. X. from Kendal, we think we retrace the pen of Mr. Wilson. It came too late for attention this month: we may perhaps hear from him again before the new year commences.

THE

SCOURGE.

DECEMBER 1, 1812.

THE TWO FIRST CHAPTERS OF THE BOOK OF DRURY, AND OF THE ACTS OF SAMUEL.

AND it came to pass that a fearful fire consumed the theatre of Drury, and Apollo fell from his proud eminence.

And weepings and wailings were heard in the streets, and in the courts, and hundreds were cast out hungry and without bread.

And SHERRY was in the assembly of the people, and he saw the fire, and his heart was sore and sad—and he cried out—" Nay let not the public business be neglected, for I alone am the sufferer:" but the truth was not in him—for the suffering was in those whom he had deluded by false promises—who he had juggled by chicanery and craft.

And the house of SHERRY was in ruins, and his word was no longer relied on, and there were the discontented, in whose mouths were bitterness, and the name of SHERRY was in execration.

Then there arose a mighty brewer in the land, SAMUEL by name, but not of the house of SAUL: and he called the people together, and they believed in him, and lo! he had drays and horses, and vats and butts and hogsheads, and of his sayings there are to be found in the book of Common House debates, but the people look not therein.

And SAMUEL arose and said " Let us gather together subscriptions, and let us rebuild the house of the drama,"

but the people who were with him, said, "No, we will not, for the name of SHERRY is in abomination among us, and we have no faith in him or his works." Then said SAMUEL, "Ye are deceived, for SHERRY hath no longer to do with the stage, and he hath cast off his coat of many colours;"—"nay then," cried the people, "we will."

And the house was builded accordingly.

And the house was opened on October the 10th, and the people wondered exceedingly, and thousands flocked to witness it, and were disappointed.

And SAMUEL said, "Lo! this I have done, I have erected the house, and it is admired"—and he said to the subscribers whom he called renters, "be ye contented, for the profits will be exceeding great, and ye may drink my porter."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

And lo! a vision stood before my eyes, and I wondered thereat.

And I saw the newly erected stage with its pillars of verd, its antique tripods, and its golden ornaments.

And on the middle of the stage was a large vat, and SAMUEL was brewing, and my eye was gladdened, and I exclaimed—we shall have porter cheaper! but lo, anguish to my hopes, I saw in the mash—"Promises," "Expectations," "Subscriptions," and "Deceptions."

And I saw that SHERRY had not cast his coat of many colours, but that he and the child of his loins were drawing from the vat.

And I saw the "subscriptions" filling their pitchers while from the cock below nothing flowed, and I saw the renters disappointed.

And these are the acts of SAMUEL, and this is the temple of SAMUEL which he erected in honor of the Muses!

And on either side were suspended by a halter, the mortal remains of Tragedy and Comedy, and I saw them strug-

gling in the steams of the vat, and I saw the lustre of Apollo dimmed by the noxious fumes of empyricism, and I saw him take his flight with his lyre from the temple of SAMUEL.

And I saw an alderman, who loved the stage dearly as he loved turtle, and he said, " place me on the committee."

And he was placed on the committee, and he erected a standard of " New Regulations," and he hired him actors of all sorts and sizes, the short, the tall, the thin, the fat—yea, even those who, on provincial boards, had shared the profits of the house, and had retired to their beds with a tenpence gained, and a piece of candle.

And these were the actors hired to represent the characters of Shakspeare before a London audience.

And on the left of the stage, my eye was amused by the follies of an old performer.

And he was seated on a *Mellon* bed, and he had in vain sought to graft young fruit upon the old stalk.

And of the acts of COUTTS are they not written in his ledger?

And I saw an author, and he was of the house of SKEF——TON, and he held in his hand a new play, and it was called " The Virtuous Courtezan, or the Generous Cut-throat."

And I saw Mr. S—— as Major Sturgeon, and Mrs. O—— as Mrs. Sneak, and they were exceeding amorous, and some cried out shame—while others exclaimed, are not these the doings of the daughters of the stage.—Sneak cries out in vain—" his vife, his vife,"—she *likes* where she is amorous, and amorous *when* she likes.

And lo, to the right my eyes beheld a fat dame from B————, and she was exceeding wanton, and she threw out lures to the leering hero of the SURRY—and she was glad to have him, and he was vain, and he staid with her, and comforted her during long nights, and she was very fond.

[library stamp]

He was not of the family of Joseph that flew from the wife of Potiphar.

And I saw an old "pillar of the state," and he was enacting Hamlet, and he was encircling the waist of his Ophelia, and breathing lascivious sayings in her ear, and she exclaimed "Jockey of N———K be not so bold."

Now N——k was a great man, and cumbersome to himself, and he cried out, "Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt!" and Ophelia was alarmed, and prepared to fly, fearing to be drowned by the sudden thaw of so much mortal flesh.

And of the acts of this noble, are they not to be found in the purlieus of St. Giles and Covent-garden, and the vicinity of his seats—have not the women travailed and brought forth—are there not sons that call him father?

And I beheld a pile of addresses, and on them were written "rejected," and I saw a noble lord, a friend of the house of Samuel, standing on the "rejected addresses," and I saw him hand the prize to a brother lord—and now were the address writers exceeding wrathful, and they cried out, and all was anger.

And the public papers were filled with the abuse of Samuel and his friends.

And there stood forth a man from among the discontented, and his name was Busby, and he cried out aloud against the injustice that had been done him, and he said "Mine is the best address."

And he went even unto the temple of Samuel, and he said to his son, "Arise thou, and speak my monologue, and let the people judge;" but the people were inclined unto merriment, and they laughed.

And they exclaimed against the monologue, and derided the translator of Lucretius.

Yea, they gave unto him even a pair of asses ears, which weareth unto this day.

And the temple of Samuel was erected.

And these are the acts of the people and Samuel as appertaining to the temple.

And I turned my eye away from the temple, and it dwelt upon a plain monument.

And my heart grieved and was sore.

And I beheld the genius of the drama weeping over the urn of her favorite COOKE.

And her lamentations were loud and bitter, and she cried out—"Alas, alas, alas, the last of my sons is no more!"

THE MISTAKEN ATTORNEY.

A Bibliopole of some renown,
In BRISTOL's large but wealthy town,
For *Hase*'s paper sorely straitened,
And by his plaintiff's lawyer threaten'd,
Replies—"I've got no cash to spare,
But *Bibles* at your service are:"
O'erjoy'd th' attorney reads and cries
"Why, zounds, can I believe my eyes?
I thought th' amount was lost, and here
He proffers *bills* the debt to clear;"
Then hastens to his anxious client,
With looks as fierce as any giant,
And bids him read defendant's proffer,
And not refuse so good an offer;
"So good," rejoined the wond'ring friend,
"When will thy nonsense have an end,
Bibles are drugs, not worth the packing,
And those who ready cash are lacking,
Than reading of the scriptures find
Far other things t' engage the mind!"
The lawyer surpriz'd, exclaims *sans* terror,
"My friend forgive a venial error,
Repeat what *sees-aws* you may please;
Law with Religion ne'er agrees;
Lawyers common, doctors civil,
In term-time only serve the devil,
And while his precepts we pursue,
With *Bibles* what have we to *do*?"

EPIGRAMS.

THE BREWER MANAGER.

Whitbread at Drury heads the board,
The chief committee-man or lord!
Kings, queens, and lords, he's viceroy o'er,
Like Quixote knight we read of yore—
Economy's the watch-word round,
And Sam's sagacious and profound,
Knows well eight farthings make two pence,
Which proves that he's a man of sense.
Orders he gives which nothing cost,
Like other t——ts rules the roast;
But should you wish to view the play,
"No Orders" is the *order* of the day:
Free-renters in this play-house new,
Are *bondmen*, just like me or you;
Slaves to his will, they at his nod
Must bend the back, and kiss the rod—
Then what must all the renters do?
Why, "as they've bak'd they e'en must *brew*."

THE CAUSE OF SHERRY's REJECTION.

The reason why Sheridan could not succeed
With the *Stafford cordwainers* is easy to see:
When passing the bottle Dick stuck to his creed,
"Heeltaps;" (*hic*) "Dam'me no heeltaps for *me*!"

The sons of St. Crispin retorted the strain,
As humming October made hearts full of glee:
Despising the *wine* which confused Dickey's brain,
Drank "*Old English ale*—but no Sherry for *we*!"

THE DRURY-LANE MANAGER.

When brewers guide proud Drury's stage,
And in theatric pomp appear,
No wonder that the tragic muse
Is daily hastening to her *bier*!

LOVE AT ———, A CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

"*Molti averne, un goderne e cangiar spesso.*"

If the above motto be descriptive of the taste of the Neapolitan dames, in regard to the male sex, we see no reason why it may not be applied to *some* of our lovely lasses on the shores of this isle. It is unquestionably most true, that in general the British fair sex are less given to changing than the females of any other clime. But in the higher circles that admission will not pass current. It may be said, in return to the charge, that the ladies are justified by the fickleness and inconstancy of the men. Well, be it so; we must allow them to enjoy all the feelings of nature, and if they now and then exercise those feelings—alas! who can withstand the claims of nature?

These observations may be applied to some of the females of a family in the neighbourhood of ———. Fame has celebrated the daughters of a person of some consequence as possessing all the requisites for love, but as unhappily situated in respect to marriage. When fine and beautiful young women arrive at the age of womanhood, surrounded by some of the finest and handsomest men which the country produces, and are denied the rights which legal ties can give them, astonishment will cease if the softer passion should overcome prudence, and carry them beyond the bounds of propriety. Many stories are circulated on this subject, and though caution has precluded the exposition generally of any SERIOUS *faux pas*, yet gossip Scandal, with her wide mouth, will spread the tale abroad.

Some time since the elegant seat of these fair ladies was under a state of internal repair, and the decorations of the interior were undergoing a thorough reform. The upholsterers from London were employed in fitting up the rooms in a style of the most costly magnificence. Among the persons so engaged was one whose fine athletic form, and manly and handsome features, attracted the particular notice of some o the female branches of the

family. Indeed their apartments were the principal ones in which the alterations were made. Of course it was requisite that the ladies should give directions. Whether the person whom we have just observed upon, was selected to fit up these rooms merely on account of his proficiency in the art which he professed, we know not, but he most certainly was selected. The selection was not disagreeable to Ladies A—— and E——. While the man was so employed by turns, A—— and E—— would steal into the rooms to converse with him on the subject of his work. In doing so, it was considered by some of the upper servants as a mark of condescension not exactly compatible with propriety—their rank in life being so very elevated. They, however, gave their orders from their own sweet lips, and the handsome upholsterer received them with becoming respect and reverence. Sometimes A—— would slip in under that pretext, and then leave the room for E——. On retiring to their anti-chamber, a colloquy was heard by one of the * * * * * in the following words:

A——. "What a charming fellow!"

E——. "Nonsense, A——! Do you consider who he is?—an upholsterer!"

A——. "I do, I do; but what will not love do? I cannot help it, E——; only look at him!"

The hint was sufficient for the curiosity of E——; she tripped into the drawing-room, where she found the trembling upholsterer busily employed—the expressive glances of the two sisters so confused the man that to their questions he answered he knew not what. The return of E—— to her sister produced a second colloquy, much in the style of the first—the door of the anti-room being left half open gave an opportunity to the * * * * to hear the conversation—which had arrived at some critical questions, when a motion in the room gave intimation to the * * * * to disappear. He had scarcely retired, when the upholsterer, emboldened by the affable manner of the ladies, and wishing some directions, tapped at the door. The alarm which succeeded may be readily imagined—they questioned the upholsterer as to how

long he had remained at the door, fearful that he had heard their conversation ; rang the bell for the * * * * who instantly appeared, and being satisfied that the intrusion of the man was but the consequence of his anxiety to finish his work agreeably to the taste of the ladies, and not from impertinent motives, they very good humouredly gave the necessary directions, and the * * * * closed the door.

The * * * * however represented to the man the folly, not to say temerity of his conduct, in adventuring so near the presence unbidden—he pointed out to him the danger which he had run, and it had the proper effect. The ladies, however, had received a caution which they profited by; for, much against their inclinations, they preserved in their conduct, on future interviews with the handsome upholsterer, a degree of reason becoming their stations.

THE —— AND THE CRIMINAL.

When an individual of exalted rank, and extensive influence, forgets, in the delirium of temporary passion, the respect that is due to himself, and the regard that he ought to entertain for the moral feelings of the public, the satirist will lament his indiscretions in watchful silence, and exercise his forbearance, in the hope of witnessing his recurrence to the paths of duty and of virtue: but when the autumn of life is past; when every successive period of his progress, from his first to his second childhood, has brought along with it to the guilty individual, the punishment of his past offences, and the warning against his future crimes; when the admonition of his friends, and the triumphant ridicule of his enemies, have been equally effaced from his remembrance, by the caresses of prostitutes, and the flattery of pimps; and when his final call to an important and responsible situation, have only contributed to render his utter destitution of manly virtue, his indifference to every paternal and conjugal duty, and his insensibility to every generous

and noble feeling, more conspicuously detestable, forbearance, in the advocate of public morals, becomes a culpable desertion of his trust; and in his most unrelenting strictures on the life and conduct of the object of his scrutiny, he may be consoled by the reflection, that if he be too hardened for reform, he is too insensible to feel the tortures of literary castigation.

The individual, whose weakness and whose profligacy it is our present duty to pourtray, has proved himself equally insensible to friendly admonition, to good humoured raillery, and to indignant reprehension. When in the exuberant hilarity of youth, he sacrificed his time and money to the enjoyment of the bottle; and in the society of grooms and jockies; his indiscretions were forgiven as the eccentricities of youth, and called forth no other expression of the public sentiment, than such as might appear in a caricature, or a parody: even his various and public acts of incontinence with married females, were for a while forgiven, as the natural result of peculiar circumstances; and his subsequent violation of his marriage vow, was defended as the melancholy but necessary consequence of domestic misery.

But there is a period in the life of man, when folly degenerates into guilt, and iniquity appears in all the prominence of unpalliated deformity. Had the person of whom we are speaking, been a private individual, whose vices were inimical only to his own felicity, he would have been, in his present stage of existence, the just object of mingled pity and disgust; but the depravities of the man of rank and influence increase in their enormity, in proportion to the effect of his example on society; and impotent salacity, moody drunkenness, and convivial ribaldry extend themselves from the palace of the nobleman to the cottage of the peasant.

It is in the firm conviction, therefore, that we are performing to the community a service more than commensurate with the evils of disclosure, that we commit the following documents to the world. They contain the substance of the originals, expressed in as correct a form as circumstances would admit; they elucidate, more

powerfully than the secret history of the last forty years, the habits and character of the individual whose interests they chiefly affect; and exhibit a degree of meanness on one side only equalled by the impudence and malignity on the other.

In order that he may understand the following documents, the reader must observe, that the criminal whose petition is the subject of the correspondence, had given repeated intimations to the servants of the nobleman that he was in possession of secrets materially affecting the happiness of their master; and that previous to his direct address to the object of his threats, he had received repeated assurances of protection and assistance. After his conviction on a certain charge, and his subsequent committal to prison, he found it necessary to become more explicit in his statements, and more urgent in his demands. The story by which he endeavoured to excite the fears of the nobleman implicated, was to this effect; that immediately previous to the French revolution he obtained a loan to a considerable amount of the Parisian bankers; that during the convulsions immediately succeeding that awful event, they conveyed themselves and their property to England; that for some time they were paid the interest of the loan; but that at length they were denounced in the capital of France as traitors to their country; that immediately subsequent to this event they were sent back to their own country; that as a natural consequence they were * * * * *, and that the interest of the loan *therefore* remains * * *, while the principal has long since * * * *. How far the intervention of the nobleman contributed to this concatenation of events, or to what degree he dreaded the imputation of connivance, may best be collected from the documents themselves.

It is needless to say that the conditions *imposed*, by the *criminal* were complied with; the trusty servant was himself the bearer of the requisite gratuity: in his presence the papers were committed to the flames; and through his indiscretion this novel and unexpected commentary on the virtues of the great is now committed to the world.

May it please your ———,

It is now more than six weeks since I had the honor of a letter from your ———'s secretary, in which he assures me that my complaints are not forgotten, and that my situation will be taken into the consideration of his master. In distress, in sickness, and confinement, I have waited for the proofs of his wish to serve, well assured that in assisting me he is saving no small portion of distress and misery to your ——— and your family. Your secretary well knows what secrets are in my possession, and how sacredly I have kept them; but despair and resentment for unmerited neglect may perhaps draw from me untold of things, and leave your —— and your family to regret that I *have* not been recompensed for my former steadiness to my promise, when to have granted *it* would have secured my eternal fidelity. I submit to your ——— sense of honor, and to your just estimate of what my secresy has deserved; I am now in such a situation that no time can be lost, and if your friends and family should restrain your ——— from due attention to my humble petition, which my experience of the inefficiency of all former applications has induced me to send through the present channel, I am resolved to receive from the public that reward which a sense of your own interest ought to have excited your ——— to grant me without such frequent solicitation.

I am, your ———'s

Very obedient servant,

———."

Under cover to Lord ———.
——— Square.

———

"Sir,

"I am commanded by his ——— the ——— to inform you that the petition transmitted to his ——— through the medium o Lord ———, will, notwithstanding its irregularity of form, receive the most early and attentive consideration.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

——— ———."

From Col. ——— to Mr. C.

"My dear Sir,

"A person of the name of ———, who has been lately convicted of a conspiracy to extort money from your friend Lord ———, has for some time been in the habit of transmitting to me, and other individuals in the establishment of his ———, the outlines of certain details at once unpleasant to my ——— master, and injurious to the character of himself and of the re-

spectable persons whom he condescends to include among the number of his friends. For some time, I felt it my duty to advise his ——— to treat his applications with that contempt which best became the exalted object of calumny against a shameless and malignant accuser. The revival, however, of a subject too delicate to be mentioned but in a personal interview, renders some attention, even to the basest calumnies, an indispensible duty in the hands of the individuals to whom his ——— has condescended to confide his personal and pecuniary interests; and since the person alluded to appears to be a master of that low species of cunning which converts even the most scanty materials to the most dangerous purposes, I cannot sit down in the consciousness of having fulfilled my duty while his complaints and accusations remain unexamined. He has sent us a chapter of the evidence, and it may at least be useful to ascertain whether his knowledge of the subject be confined to that. Your professional character will enable you to call upon him without observation and suspicion; and I need not say, that the unpleasantness of the task will easily yield in my opinion to its necessity, and be well rewarded by him whom it is intended to serve. If you could make it convenient, therefore, to call upon the person to-morrow, in time to communicate with me on the subject immediately after you have seen him, it will contribute in no considerable degree to your advance in the ———'s good opinion. I need not suggest to you the topics of enquiry: act in this instance as with respect to B———, and you will accomplish your object.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly.

From the Culprit to the Colonel.

Sir,

It greatly excited my surprise to receive the honor of a visit yesterday morning from an emissary of your's, whose actions I am too well acquainted with to trust him on a subject so important as that respecting which you were *compelled* to listen to my former applications; besides, I know too well that in a case of this kind, verbal communications may be turned to account with perfect safety to yourselves. After what I have experienced, it becomes a duty to myself, imposed on me by your own conduct, to speak out, and I know you and your master too well to fear that the present letter will be shewn even to gratify your revenge. Know then that the chapter of the evidence transmitted to you is, in my estimation, but a trifle compared

with what remains to be told, nor shall any consideration, but an immediate and legal compliance with my demands restrain me from publishing to the world that G. and F. and *fourteen other unfortunate victims were sentenced to the* * * * *, that your master might evade by their * * * * the payment of his debts. He well knows the conditions of the loan; he well knows the means by which it was evaded; his conscience tells him that but for him, and but for the loan of which they demanded the interest, these unfortunate victims might have escaped the hands of *the* * * * *. Tell him this, and let *him* determine for himself the rewards that are due to my long and inviolable secrecy. I have all the documents in my possession: two living witnesses whose evidence can only be connected by the papers in my hands, are ready to come forward and substantiate the fact, and it remains for me to destroy for ever your master's happiness, or to deliver up the cause of his uneasiness. To do this I am prepared, *whenever* you are authorized to pay me one half of the money granted to a certain lady, or three thousand pounds in cash, and an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds. But do not suppose that I shall commit myself by communicating with a third person. From you alone I must receive a pledge either written or in the presence of witnesses, for your compliance with my demands, and in your presence alone shall the documents in my possession be committed to the flames.

I shall only observe, that should I not receive a visit from you in the course of to-morrow, I shall commit my manuscript to the printer, and any application will then be useless.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

February 11*th*, 1812. ———

THE BOOK!!! OR, ANECDOTES OF DR. PATRICK D * * * N.

THE possession of wealth in the hands of a trusty good man is a blessing to society; it enables him to ameliorate the condition of his less fortunate neighbours by relieving their distresses, and it enables him also to

act with liberality towards them who are dependent. Is happiness the lot of the learned civilian at the head of this article? He enjoys a variety of the good things of the world, that is to say, if enjoyment consisteth in wealth. With respect to the manner in which he disposes of his worldly goods, rumour has been for a series of years very busy, and rumour says *he keeps them all to himself*. Very *civil* this for a learned *civilian*. The people of Armagh can testify the truth if they so please. We have received a vast number of curious anecdotes upon the subject, which we shall occasionally lay before our readers for their amusement and edification. Among the number we shall content ourselves with selecting one for present use. But, before we relate it, a sketch of the character, features, and form and dress of the learned civilian, will lead to the recognition of his identity.

The doctor is now verging towards seventy. His carriage is the most ungraceful which the imagination can conceive. An observer upon the first blush, and even after an attentive and careful perusal of the countenance, the habit, and the manners, would be inclined to believe him a POPISH PARISH PRIEST! Not so, for though rumour assigned to him that honour in early life, his speeches, his writings, the whole of his public life, give the contradiction. Perhaps, a more violent declaimer in words and on paper, against the Catholic cause, cannot be discovered. His official enjoyments, under the government in Ireland exceed ten thousand pounds per annum. His taylor's bill does not exceed ten pounds. But to the description, and first for the face. Time has so mellowed the *beauties* of his countenance that it would be impossible to particularize any one. In height he is about five feet seven inches; in dress somewhat resembling an honest Spitalfields weaver: an *old* brown scratch wig, surmounted by an *old* brown hat; an *old* brown coat surmounts an *old* waistcoat of woollen; *old* black breeches; and *old* worsted stockings, with *old* black gaiters. These articles form the *costume* of the learned

civilian's dress, and in this dress, which is scarcely ever varied except for the introduction of others of a similar mark and character, he takes his seat among the elders of the Synagogue!

The anecdote which we now hasten to relate will sufficiently apprize our readers of the generosity, the liberality, and the justice of the learned civilian. In order to give due effect to the scene, we will dramatize it. We will suppose the Doctor is at the Synagogue, where some one of the elders is holding forth—that he is tired and fatigued—and passing by the outer door-keeper, walks up the gallery stairs to the wicket through which the strangers pass—enters the smoaking room—seats himself by the fire-side—falls asleep—and in a few minutes surprizes the messengers by a loud snore!

We will then suppose the following conversation ensues between two of the attendants.

First Attendant. (*peeping in through the crevice of the door*) There's that d——d fellow D———n snoring in the corner. Do you, Jones, watch him, and when he awakes, touch him. Shew him the book.*

Second Attendant. Why it's of no use, an old ———, he will not give us any thing; but, however, I'll ask him.

At this instant another member crosses the lobby into the room to write a letter, the noise occasioned by his hasty step wakes the doctor, who yawns, stretches himself, and begins to stir the fire (*a pause.*) We will suppose the letter-writer has retired, and the doctor is *solus*.

Enter to him Jones.

Jones (*approaching with fear and trembling, and presenting to the astonished sight of the Doctor—*"The Book."

Doctor. What book, Sir, what book, Sir.

Jones (trembling) The—the Book, it's a—a—usual for gentlemen to look at the Book.

* A small book in which the attendants enter the gratuities which they receive from the members of the Synagogue.

Doctor. What do you *mane*, man? what do you *mane?*

Jones. It only comes once a year—the gentlemen always put down their names (*bowing with the most profound respect.*)

Doctor. Oh, it's money you *mane*, is it? You want money, do you, hey?

Jones. Yes, Sir; it is usual, Sir! (*still bowing.*)

Doctor (*in a violent passion.*) What did you ever do for me, Sir? Shew me, Sir, what you ever did for me. Did you ever bring me a sheet of paper or a pen? What do you *mane*, Sir? If you want to be paid, I won't pay you, man! Go to the Sp——r, he employs you, and let him pay you.

[*Exit Doctor into the Synagogue.*]

This is a specimen of *civil economy* worthy of the dignity of the man; but economy is the watch-word of the present government, and why, as the doctor observes, should *he pay public servants?* If this article should make him relax his economical system, we shall have gained something:—the key that opens a miser's heart is valuable.

The ADVANTAGES of POLYGAMY.

Sir,

When the high-priest of polygamy, Dr. Madan, first promulgated to the world the doctrines of his celebrated Thelypthora, his presumption was visited with all the terrors that a combination of indignant learning, beauty, and philosophy, could inspire in the bosom of a recreant clergyman: spurned by his brethren, and cut off from the hope of mercy from the rest of the community—a mingled host of scholars and satirists, of irritated bachelors and insulted virgins, assailed the unfortunate advocate of polygamy, and whether he retired to enjoy the sweets of domestic and practical comfort in some rustic retirement, or fled from the fury of his countrymen, to some distant region, where his doctrines were regarded as according with the laws of religion and of nature, it is certain that no obscenity can be more profound than that which has

enveloped his name and his writings since his first performance attracted the notice and excited the severity of criticism. But times are altered, Mr. Editor; and the union of one man to a dozen wives may be contemplated by the virgins and the bachelors of this happy country, without any emotions of resentment or alarm. Thanks to the operation of this just and necessary war, and to the activity of our enemies in the Peninsula, the polygamist may form as large a seraglio as he pleases; and thus contribute to the present and the future relief of the virgin sisterhood, without infringing on the rights of British bachelors. Since Bond-street has been deserted for the banks of the Tagus, and our youths of fashion have fled from the arms of their King's-place nymphs, to seek an eternal repose in the arms of death, how many a solitary maid has trembled with blank despair at the prospect before her! how many an expanding bosom has heaved with the sigh of disappointed expectation! To relieve, therefore, the beauty and the virgin in distress; to recruit the wasted population of the country, and to obviate all the inconveniences and the miseries, that in our present exhausted situation, attach to the matrimonial customs of our country, as they are now established, are the inevitable consequences of the introduction of polygamy; and deserve the attention of every admirer of the sex, and every friend to the happiness and glory of his country.

And in the first place, let polygamy be once adopted, and who would be afflicted with the pangs of jealousy, or disturb his own peace and that of his neighbours by an action of crim. con? Since each individual would have as many wives as he could conveniently govern, he would have too much business at home, to have time or inclination for poaching on the manors of his neighbours. With the temptation of a dozen wives, no man would remain a bachelor; and the community of married men would have other things to do, than to ogle their neighbours' wives, and prowl about in search of opportunities. And should it by any possibility occur that some

eccentric being, without the spirit to follow a good example, should content himself in "single blessedness," with the honours to be obtained by a secret invasion of the rights and properties of others, who but a madman would visit his indiscretions with any other marks of displeasure than a gentle reprimand? A slice from a cut loaf, they say, is never missed; but a slice off a dozen cut loaves, if it were *missed*, would not be worth the owner's observation.

According to our present system of conjugal alliance, if a female be peevish, capricious, or indisposed, the unfortunate husband must await, in solitary mortification, her return to good humour and to health. But let the husband be blest with more than one fair partner of his table, or his bed, and he may enjoy all the luxuries of delightful society, while the lady is recovering from her fit of sulkiness, or the head-ache. The very knowledge that there are other companions, and other comforters, will excite the most favorite of his wives to continual efforts for his amusement, and restrain the expression of peevishness, anger, and caprice. As for their quarrels among each other, they may fight them out in their own apartments; it is sufficient for the husband, if in his presence, all is pleasure, jollity, and mirth; and the more they disburthen themselves of their ill-humours, among themselves, the more lively will be their spirits, and the more animated their vivacity in the society of their lord and master.

If marriage to one wife be honorable, a conjugal alliance with ten or twenty, must elevate him to the very pinnacle of glory. If the prattle of one pretty woman be delightful, the prattle of a dozen pretty women must wake the soul of their enraptured husband to the highest pitch of extacy; and if a "good wife, is a good thing," a dozen good wives must be twelve times better. The doctrine of *multiplication* should always be deeply impressed on the remembrance of the candidate for matrimonial felicity.

The convenience of this innovation to the officers and ministers of state cannot be disputed. Commanders in chief, whose hours of leisure were at the command of fifty or a hundred wives, would feel no temptation to sacrifice their sense of duty to illegitimate influence. A captain of the guards, or a colonel of marines, might overtop his seniors in profession, through the lawful and honourable influence of a wife, instead of truckling to the commands of a favorite prostitute; and the scandal of adultery would not be added to the guilt of treason.

Had polygamy been sanctioned by the English laws, and practised by the lower as well as the higher classes of the community, the unfortunate Sellis might at this moment have been the happy possessor of a numerous seraglio, in which the princes of the land might have luxuriated with impunity. But even the humble domestic, whose affections are confined to a single partner of his bed, is reluctant to lose his only prize, through the rapacity of his superiors. Had Sellis been the husband of a dozen, he could have spared one for the use of a titled Benedict.

The introduction of polygamy, would have precluded the *unhandsome treatment* of the Master of the Horse by the reverend gentleman, whose friendship he betrayed, and would have relieved the Vice Chamberlain from troublesome and repeated visits to Suffolk-street, during the unfortunate absence of his wife. The clergyman might have contemplated the *theft* with indifference, as abstracting only one from his accustomed number; and the Earl, might have forgot, in the arms of his remaining spouses, the cruelty and infidelity of his Fanny Anny.

Had polygamy been the order of the day, the three *white sticks* would not have obstructed the return to office of the Greys and the Grenvilles. The Regent, disappointed in one of his matrimonial contracts, might have sought for relief in the formation of another: or disturbed in his dreams of venison and Curacoa by the impatient frolics of his sultanas, would have found, in the multitude of his family occupa-

tions, but little leisure for journies to Ragley, and visits to Manchester-square.

In short, Sir, it is too evident to require the support of any additional illustration, that had polygamy been encouraged or permitted by the laws of Britain, Lord Erskine would at this moment have been the husband of Mrs. Siddons; that the Marquis of Wellesley would have retained his footing on any staircase that he might have honoured by his ascension; that the formation of an efficient ministry would not have been impeded by secret, though it might have been obstructed by legitimate influence; that the Society for the Suppression of Vice would have had as much business at home as they could conduct with credit; and that you would not have been tormented by the correspondence of

AN ADVOCATE OF POLYGAMY.

MR. LOWNDES AND THE TAX OFFICE, AND MR. HOLME SUMNER, M. P.

MR. EDITOR,

IN presuming to address you on the subject of defalcations in the revenue, I trust I shall not be deemed impertinent, in requesting a page or two of the SCOURGE. It has been broadly stated in the House of Commons, that the taxes were defective to a very large amount. Now, Sir, the object of this letter, is to point out in what manner that defect arises. The country, Sir, in which I have the honour of residing, boasts the honour of having for one of its representatives, GEORGE HOLME SUMNER, ESQ. a staunch friend of the government! Is it not, I would ask, a part of the duty of the county member, to watch the interests of his constituents, and see that no frauds have been practised on them? Whether Mr. SUMNER has done so, will best appear from the following extract, taken from the Oracle newspaper of the 26th of January, 1808:

SHERIFFS' COURT, SURREY.

The King v. *Shaw, Esq.*—An Inquisition has been taken before the Deputy Sheriff for the County of Surrey, for the last two or three days, at the Queen's Head in the Borough, to ascertain what property the late Joseph Shaw, Esq. (of Epsom) Receiver General of the Land Tax for the County of Surrey, died possessed of, what debts were due to him, &c. The ground upon which the Inquiry was instituted was under the following *extraordinary* circumstances.—So long back as the month of August 1799 (a period of nearly *nine* years!) Mr. Shaw was indebted to the Crown in the *enormous* sum of 32,800l. being monies received by him in his official capacity, and never paid into the public purse. Mr. Shaw died on the 9th November 1805, having appointed Mr. George Ware and Mrs. Sarah Weston to execute the directions contained in his will. For the honest and faithful discharge of his duty to the public, a Banking-house in Pall-Mall became his sureties.

Mr. Abbot attended the Inquisition as Counsel on the part of the Crown, and Mr. Dampier for the sureties.

Mr. *George Ware* and Mrs. *Sarah Weston*, were examined with respect to the property in their hands. They gave a very satisfactory account of the disposal of the property, and the debts due, which consisted of the remnant instalments of two bonds given to Mr. Shaw under the following circumstances for the payment of money lent by him to the two persons whose names follow.

The first was a bond by which Thomas Evance, Esq. bound himself to pay to Mr. Shaw the sum of £3200, so much being advanced to that gentleman, in equal half-yearly payments of £100. There was a condition, that if he regularly kept up his payments, the remaining £1000 should be forgiven. The bond of course was dated in January 1796. Mrs. Weston was examined, and stated that the whole of the instalments had been paid by Mr. Evance with the exception of the last, which was not yet due.

The next bond was that of Peter Thompson Botham, Esq. Deputy Receiver General, for the sum of £4000, to be paid by instalments. The bond was dated the 15th July, 1805, and the instalments due had been regularly paid. On the examination of Mrs. Weston, as to the money advanced, she admitted that the monies were belonging to the public; that Mr. Botham,

when he had made his collections, and brought them to Mr. Shaw, would often request loans, and Mr. Shaw accommodated him with part of his collections.

The rest of the evidence applied solely to the property which had come into the hands of the executors. The amount of the sums received by Mr. Ware being £1718 18s. 11d. of which sum £1500 had been attached by the sureties, and a balance consequently remained of £218 18s. 11d. Mrs. Weston was examined as to the freehold and other property. It appeared that there were some small cottages of very trifling value, about two acres of land, and a meeting-house, which lets for 25l, per ann. all at Epsom; the rent of the meeting-house not received for the last two years. There was other property in Kent, which, however, being out of the county, this inquisition could not touch.

The jury found all the foregoing circumstances to be true, consequently the sureties will have a small *modicum*, as a satisfaction for the immense sum for which they are answerable to the crown.

On perusal of the foregoing extract, it must be obvious to every reader, that the commissioners of the taxes, at the head of which is MR. LOWNDES, are not so attentive to their duty as they should be. Here it is evident, that a sum of THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND POUNDS is secreted, and embezzled by the receiver-general of our county, upwards of *six years before his death*—that a period of *three years* elapses *after* his decease, before any means are taken for the recovery, and at length, at the period I am writing, *thirteen years* subsequent to the embezzlement, a sum of 3200*l.* only is paid into the Exchequer; that sum has been recovered by the activity of a gentleman, who submitted a plan for the approbation of government, which no doubt will be adopted, and which plan will prevent future receivers from retaining such large balances in their hands.

In the insulated case of our county, one out of SIXTY-TWO COUNTIES, a deficiency is apparent of TWENTY-NINE THOUSAND POUNDS! Surely the county member—the firm supporter of the present ministers, would best

give them support in rendering his assistance, in detecting abuses of this nature; and consequently in bringing into the treasury the means by which the state is kept alive. But if the negligence of Mr. Holme Sumner is apparent, what will the public say to the tax commissioners? It is their chief duty to look after *great* defaulters; many of whom I could name in the other counties; but no! they content themselves with passing over the thirty or forty thousand pounds embezzler, and take pleasure in hunting down the unfortunate *small house occupier*; who, if he happens to be in arrears half a year for a sum of THREE POUNDS SEVEN SHILLINGS, and that sum is not paid, on the *third* summons will send an extent into his cottage, take an example:

	£.	s.	d.
Duty on widows and house light -	1	16	3
Duty on inhabited houses -	1	11	6
	£3	7	9

The warrant by which the officer entered to seize, was backed by three commissioners, and the tenant not being enabled to pay on the instant, the officer was constrained to remain in possession twenty-six hours, and then the money was forthcoming.

The officer then made out *his bill*, as follows:

	£.	s.	d.
Taxes - - - -	3	7	9
Levying Warrant and Inventory -	0	10	6
Stamp - - -	0	0	2
Man one day - -	0	4	0
Man ditto one day - -	0	3	6
Attending twice to settle the above	0	5	0
	£4	10	11

This sum the tenant was compelled to pay—but under the advice of a solicitor, he summoned the officer to the court of Requests for an overcharge of *thirteen shillings and sixpence*—the commissioners of the Requests Court

sanctioned the conduct of the tax commissioners and their officer, and nonsuited the plaintiff.

I have noticed this proceeding merely to shew to the government and the public—that their officers are unmindful of the higher points of their duty. Instead of collecting from the receivers of Surrey—of Salop—of Herts, &c. they under the advice of their solicitor (Mr. Leggatt) prosecute to conviction the incompetent debtor, as in the above instance; but the fraudulent defaulter they suffer to escape. Mr. Shaw, our receiver, sunk into the arms of death, untouched by their officers, and the public are defrauded of the contributions which our county paid towards the support of the state. But if Mr. Sumner thinks he does his duty in voting in parliament for the measures of ministers, he is mistaken—he has a superior duty to perform—he has to guard the distribution of the monies of his constituents. Failing to do that, he not to be trusted.

The conduct of Mr. Lowndes and the tax commissioners will be the subject of parliamentary enquiry; it is a subject which comes home to the feelings of every man in the kingdom. The enormous weight of taxes with which the country is burthened is beyond endurance —the crime of neglecting to keep a check upon the receiver, must not be any longer tolerated. At this moment the deficiencies amount to more than THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS!!!

A SURREY FREEHOLDER.

Epsom, Oct. 31*st.*

[ED. The subject upon which our friend writes we have not been inattentive to—various other deficiencies to a great amount have come within our knowledge; and if parliament does not enquire into and reform the abuse, we shall return to the subject.]

MR. DANIEL STUART AND THE COURIER.

"I saw a Blacksmith standing thus: the while his iron did on the anvil cool, with open mouth swallowing a TAILOR'S NEWS!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE sudden elevation of some men, God knows why and wherefore! is solid proof of the caprice of fortune. The man of modest merit rises slowly in the world, whilst the brass-fronted knave, by dint of cunning and of trickery, gets possession of the substantials of life, and makes a figure. The observation has been generally admitted that the natives of Scotland are more fortunate in their speculations than their southern neighbours. Like Caleb Quotem *they* "push and persevere" with a determination to get money—honestly if they can—at any rate to get it.

The gentleman whose memoirs grace our present number furnishes ample testimony of the justice of the observation respecting North Britons. He is a native of that country, and when he quitted the bleak and barren hills which surround his native soil, he never once dreamed that his future avocations in life would lead him into the paths of literature. Into these he however has stumbled, but it was never clearly ascertained that he gathered any of the flowers which grow by the road-side. It is true that in rambling near one of the STREETS he was fortunate; for having run against a POST, the assistance of a man of education and of talent laid for him the foundation of the ample fortune which he now possesses.

More than twenty years have passed since Mr. Daniel Stuart bade adieu to Scotland; the peasants of his native village not having much occasion for his assistance in the *tailoring line*, breeches not being so much in vogue there as in London. Nevertheless he was reckoned a "decent hand at a fit," and he determined to seek employment in London, and for this purpose, one dreary morning

in the month of November, he set off for the capital of the British empire, where he arrived, after a tedious march of ten days, nearly barefooted, and pennyless. Industry was with him a never-failing guest—the recommendations he brought with him and procured after his arrival secured him a place on the boards of a celebrated tailor's work-room in Norfolk-street. There early and late, he earned an honest penny for some few months. But fate had ordained him for a far different scene of life. At this time his brother, Mr. Peter Stuart, a printer, succeeded in withdrawing him from the shopboard, and that worthy gentleman having resigned in his favour, the appointment of publisher of the newspaper called the MORNING POST was assigned to him. This was the first dawn of that good fortune which has since crowned his industry and perseverance with success. Bidding a long and a last farewell to thimble, needle, and shears—to cabbage and hell—he commenced publisher, and handed over the newspapers to the newsmen. In this employment he continued for some time, occasionally emerging to report accidents and offences, until a schism arose among the then proprietors of the paper, who found it on the decline. A *confidence*, which has never forsaken him through life, suggested to Mr. Daniel Stuart the idea of becoming proprietor of the concern to which he was servant—that confidence also emboldened him in the hope that he could raise the paper from its falling state: experience has shewn that he was right. The purchase money required by the proprietors of the concern did not amount to more than three hundred pounds, and even that sum he could not command. Again fortune befriended him in the person of Mr. Fuller (not honest Jack Fuller of Sussex, but Mr. Fuller of Tavistock-row, Covent-garden,) proprietor of the quack medicine shop, and celebrated among the vocal corps as the vender of "Patirosa for improving the voice." With this person he conjointly commenced newspaper proprietor—patron of literary drudges in the dirty lane of politics and of news—"*a tailor's news!*"

To recount the various turns of fortune which, for the

first three years, accompanied their endeavours, would be unnecessary :—occasionally, during that term, his majesty's commissioners of stamps were compelled more than once to take cognizance of the interior of No. 335. Industry and perseverance, and a happy knack, which to do him justice, he really possesses, of catering according to the taste of the public, all conspired to surmount the obstacles which seemed to impede the career of fortune, and at the expiration of the fourth year, he was enabled to bid defiance to his creditors. Poor Fuller, however, had not the strength of mind which his copartner enjoyed. Wearied out with hopes and fears, he desired to withdraw from the concern when they were in the midst of their difficulties. It was in vain that Daniel tried to infuse a portion of his constancy into the heart of his friend: it was in vain that he represented to him the prospect of amendment to their fortunes. Mr. Fuller retired, and subsequent to that period has, on more occasions than one, had cause to lament his secession. The aid of first-rate abilities, and Daniel knew where to prick for that aid, drew the paper from its obsurity into notice—the eloquent writing of Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Street, and other men of abilities gave a celebrity to it which secured a vast sale. Added to this, the means of obtaining money by what he termed "*ink-making*,"* was within his power, and he used these means to some purpose. Other means were also put in motion. The forgery of the French paper called "L'ECLAIR" must be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers; these and other means of realising a fortune were within his reach. In the month of September, 1793 (having been subject for some time to ill health,) he parted with the property of the Morning Post to Mr. George Abercrombie Robinson, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Orme, three East Indian nabobs, who by the advice of Mr. Stuart, chose Mr. Byrne to be their editor and conditional partner, in the event of the

* ***Ink-making*** ; a sort of douceur for suppressing an article.

paper being as productive at the expiration of two years after the purchase as when the purchase was made. The purchase money was sixteen thousand pounds, *for a tailor's news!*

Having thus disposed of his interest in the paper, much to the dissatisfaction of his brother Peter Stuart, to whom he had promised the editorship, he purchased the Courier, and in conjunction with Mr. Thomas George Street carries on that concern. It is to be observed, that the editorial department is conducted by Mr. Street. No one who has the least knowledge of Mr. Daniel Stuart, would suspect that he was competent to conduct the literary department of his concern. His time is employed in driving about in his curricle, or calling at the office, which he does almost every morning. His habits are very abstemious, and were so from the first moment of his entrance into this great metropolis—necessity in the first instance induced abstinence, and abstinence begat care: so Mr. Daniel Stuart takes care of his money, abundance of which he lacketh not! Though riding in his curricle, he still preserves the air of *a knight of the thimble.*

Lamentable indeed, is the degeneracy of the literary character, compelled to stoop to the domineering influence of *a tailor*—the man who some few years ago, would approach the dwelling of a gentleman, by birth, by education, and by manners, with his work under his arm, becomes transformed into the likeness of one himself, but with no other likeness than that of his outside *coat! Videte quaso quid potest* PECUNIA! The sale of the Courier is very large, particularly among a certain class of readers. Multitudes seek with avidity the minister's echo, and "swallow with a greedy ear a *Tailor's News*!" Does a flaw appear in any of the *garments* of the government, the *needle* is applied and the hole is stopped, but in general so bunglingly done that the *botch* is too perceptible. The tailor is repaid out of the *public cabbage.* Among the more rational

part of society this journal is denominated "*the lying Courier*," probably from its implicit confidence in the tales of ministers. It is really disgusting to read the columns devoted to politics, they present a tissue of folly, of ignorance, and of profligacy, certainly not uncommon, for other journals are to be found replete with similar exhibitions.

It cannot be expected that the public from such persons as the Courier proprietors can expect fair dealing. So completely are they the tools of the government that they invariably refuse admission to advertisements of books, the contents of which do not exactly accord with their corrupt and vicious inclinations. As shopkeepers they should pay deference to the public: obedience should teach them gratitude for public favours, and if a person wishes to be a customer, prudence, one should think, would point out to them civility; but no! in their pride of power they are rude—insult they dare not.

With this short sketch, and with these few observations we will for the present leave Mr. Daniel Stuart, wishing him success in all his undertakings, and congratulating his customers upon their taste, wishing them also health and long life to relish and enjoy the fruits of his subservience.

With a view to increase the sale of his paper, Mr. Daniel Stuart in the year 1800, purchased the copy-right of the GAZETTEER, a newspaper at one time of the first repute, and the most productive of any extant. To this paper the *literati*, from its first establishment, near fifty years previous to its downfal, contributed their united abilities, and it certainly was one of the best conducted journals for forty years. A variety of papers having started in the interval between its first declination, and its final downfal, the proprietor sold it to Mr. Daniel Stuart for *two hundred pounds;* so that he gave that sum for a name without a "local habitation;" scarcely any house having a taste for the news which it contained. The paper was then called *the Morning Post and Gazetteer.*

Mark Supple observed "that all the *gain* which Mr. D. S. obtained by his purchase, was the *loss* of his two hundred pounds;" these losing speculations were a prominent feature in the character of his brother Peter Stuart. That person was rendered famous in the newspaper world, by a predilection for falling concerns—witness his purchase of the Daily Advertiser—of the True Briton, of the Aurora, &c. At length in the multifarious concerns which he embraced, he drew not only himself down, but others into the same gulph, from whence many have not yet been enabled to rise. The taste which Mr. D. Stuart has taken of falling concerns, operated as a beacon against splitting on the same rock, and he made up by assiduity and perseverance in his own person, what he could not effect by other means.

TEA, CARDS, and SLANDER.

Quick circulating *Slanders* mirth afford,
And *Reputation* bleeds at ev'ry word."

Churchill.

For the first of these articles we are beholden to the votaries of Confucius; who, though they are well paid for, and take plentiful libations of the infusion themselves, do not scruple to tax us with most egregious folly in purchasing their *weed* after a journey of several thousand miles in depreciation of our own indigenous *sage*; which, could they procure, would be held in most decided preference. The Chinese are, nationally, a grave, sober race of men; in reality, a *thinking people*; the extract of this plant in its native country, is not productive of the obstreperous laughter, the hideous cackle, the, cutting, tearing, ripping, mangling, maiming, and worrying of character as with us: from whence then pro

ceeds this important, this diametric difference in the operation of the self-same vegetable? Every effect must have its radical, its predisposing cause, the distinction is rather puzzling; *we* are, unless wickedly belied, a *thinking*, a most *thinking people*, as well as the inhabitants of China; there then the respective nations are at par. Habits—mixtures in society—aye, mixtures of some certain descriptions make sad work—I'll warrant ye, one drop of liquid *upas* would contaminate an ocean of *pure element*. It is said the Chinese take tea only as beverage, not as a meal; and what is very strange, alone, absolutely alone, not in *social comfortable parties*; in fact, they are not able to raise such things as parties. No—no—there is no danger from *mixtures* in that country, no baleful deleterious drug can by insinuation maniacise the mind, or whirl the *siroc slander*, burning as it blasts. The Chinese are a *thinking people*, the result of which appears to be, that their *priests* are forbidden to intermeddle with the *private concerns of the people*, (hand over the *salts*, if you please, to the Rev. J. T. Evesdropper, B. D.) positively constrained to attend solely *to their own business* (the sal-volatile this instant for the Rev. Jonas Earwig, D. D. LL. D.) The ladies too, are rather differently managed than in some places (what's the matter with this pen? I must take a little off the point, I believe;) the *young maids*, pretty things, are to be found only where they ought to be—*at home*; the *old maids*, poor things, *at home*; the *wives*, much to their credit, *at home*; the *widows*, out of harm's way, *at home*. The only certain method of keeping either great children or little ones *from* mischief is to keep the means of mischief *from* them. The Chinese, the *thinking Chinese*, could form a tolerably accurate idea of what would arise from *their parson's* gossipping with *their women*—they wisely kept them asunder—and for their pains enjoy, that greatest of human happiness, *good wives*. One would almost be tempted to suppose they had perused our Milton; oh, the sly, veno-

mous republican rascal! a *toad* at Eve's *ear* truly, to be the vehicle of setting her not only on playing *the devil*, but on playing *with the devil!*

Had Charles the Sixth, by divine appointment, (oh, what a lye!) King of France, possessed sufficient strength of mind to have kept the mulligrubs at arm's length, we possibly should never have attained the incalculably momentous acquisition of Cards; they were invented for the amusement of an *idiot king—an idiot*—look at that, ye *sensible thinking people*; your dear delightful, enchanting queen of diamonds made her debut for the express purpose of coaxing a fool, an oaf, a driveller, from biting his own fingers, or poking his nose into a mouse-trap. If I am told a few oblongs of pasteboard, fantastically and wretchedly daubed, and said to represent this, that, and the other, cannot possibly be hurtful, I answer, in themselves they certainly cannot; the metal and the horn that construct the knife which cuts your throat, are in themselves perfectly harmless; it is neither the stock nor the barrel, the hammer or the flint, the ball or the powder that blows out your brains: they, individually, as wood, metal, stone, and composition are incapable of violence or destruction; the mischief is owing to the force applied, the purposes to which they are directed. Are not avarice, tricking, lying, and all the basest passions of the depraved human mind set afloat in the breast of the gambler? In this blessed age, and this most blessed country, domestic arrangements are but as an atom in the balance against the preponderating density of *tea* and *card parties:* the *mother* deputes the nourishment of her infant offspring to the care of a *hirling*, her dress must not be deranged—she is to meet a party; the *wife* cannot, really cannot, attend to the endearing and instructive conversation of an affectionate husband—she is already too late, the party will be formed, she shall be cut out. On casting a cursory glance upon these sensible worthies in full party assembled, I almost fancy myself

transported to the island of Borneo, and viewing, by way of amusement, a groupe of their many coloured apes, grinning, wriggling, chattering, and throwing stones and shells at each other's heads in sport. How it comes to pass that the thermometer of these said parties is graduated from the number present, or non-attendance of *priests* is nearly incomprehensible; by their canons or laws they are forbidden the use of cards under divers pains and penalties; if a layman break any known law, and still tenaciously, and with effrontery, clings to his rank in society, is he not stiled, by those very men, a profligate and dangerous fellow? nevertheless they, with the breach of almost every canon on their heads, are the quintessence of party, the life and soul of society: the prohibition against a parson's gambling, is as strong, as far as it goes, as that of the legislature against robbery and murder; the first, to be sure, only threatens *suspension* and *deprivation* which they laugh at; the prohibition of the legislature is (God be thanked for it!) most sapiently coupled with the smell of hemp—of which fragrance, unluckily, they are no fanciers. SLANDER, the last article in my titular triumvirate, is the devil's own manufacture, woof, warp, and web, wholly of demoniac texture, the raw material must be imported exclusively from hell, and none but a fiend can get up and expose the piece to market. A card-table may be not inaptly stiled an emporium for slander, to a certain circumference, the very eye of scandal's murky vortex: if the meeting is weekly, every effort is exerted to obtain and retain incidents, some few of frail memories construct notes; and not a few resort to the expedient of the over anxious Northumberland, and "send their servant Travers out to listen after news," calling in their dirty auxiliaries of shrugs, winks, and inuendos: thus armed they are dubbed arbiters of revoke, and lost-deal, the detractors of innocence, and the assassins of reputation. A lamentable instance of the infernal influence of a pandemonium of this description on the east confine of

a neighbouring county, but very few years since, stands recorded thus. In the immediate vicinity of a small market town, in the above district, dwelt two most respectable farmers; a long and friendly intercourse had uninterrupted subsisted between the respective families; they were blessed with one child each, a son and a daughter; the close connection of the parents naturally inspired a wish, that it should be continued in their offspring, nor was there the least apparent suspicion, their long cherished views would ultimately be frustrated: a reciprocal affection in childhood, had by years, been matured to the most disinterested passion. Mary and William were, perhaps, the most faultless characters human nature was capable of sustaining; to that, and that alone, strange as it may appear, they owed their ruin. Envy is ever the characteristic of little minds. One of those comfortable, social, charitable tea establishments, had some years been established in the town; report had carried to the ear of a wrinkled, disappointed hag of the age of fifty-five, who stood very high in the firm, that the union of the happy pair was to take place in the course of the ensuing week. Mary had long been the decided object of her detestation, for no other reason but, that like Aristides of old, every one spake well of her. She determined to destroy what she had not power to emulate. At the next meeting of the society, the theme happened to be started, and such was, in this instance, the force of real virtue, that though the whole convocation were most finished adepts in calumny, yet the circumstance was loudly applauded by all but one; who when the mutual felicity it seemed in the power of each to bestow on the other, was warmly descanted upon, contemptuously replied "perhaps master William is not acquainted with Mr. ——'s (a notorious profligate) interviews with his immaculate in the elm walk;" the company appeared horror-stricken at the insinuation, and it died unseconded. The murderess, however, knew she had

calculated with accuracy; her servant, a man of *all work*, stood behind her chair, he well judging what would gratify his mistress, communicated the assertion under the mask of confidential friendship to William on the succeeding evening. The youth happened to have sufficient self-command not to appear much agitated at the recital; but unfortunately he was then on his way to pay his usual visit to his Mary. Ere he had reached the hospitable door, the whirlwind of passion had risen to its apex; Mary accosted him with her wonted tenderness, held out her hand, and solicited him to talk a walk—" what to the elm grove, I suppose?" " Wherever you please; all places, William, you know, are equal to me in your company" —" and in the company of B—— likewise," retorted he; " no, perfidious wretch," storms the infuriated lover, tossing back her hand—" thus I renounce thee"—and rushing out of the house, flew to the beach, where lay a sloop of war in the offing—he hailed her, was taken instantly on board, and the vessel being then under sailing orders to a distant station, he was, under the influence of the tornado of passion, wafted from home, from happiness, and all his soul held dear. Mary, thunder-struck at the horrid stigma cast upon her fame, together with the violence and rapidity of William's action, had not the power of opening her lips; she instantly retired to her chamber, but not to rest—Mary, alas, must rest no more till mingled with her pristine clay! still a spurious kind of hope hovered round her and whispered—morning might unravel the hideous mystery. Morning, chearless morning came; but brought with it no comfort—no William—an indescribable portentous panic seized her—the crisis of her fate approached. A labourer of her father's had, unobserved, been a spectator of what had passed between William and the crew of the vessel, and at that moment inadvertently mentioned the circumstance in her presence. Clasping her hands in agony, and uttering the most heart-rending shriek she sank prostrate on the ground; by the

profuse application of powerful stimulants animation was restored; but reason had fled—for ever; on opening her eyes, unconscious of surrounding objects, she threw a hopeless glance round the room, and placing her hand upon her heart, cried out in the most thrilling, the most truly querulous accent—*it is broken—quite broken*—a repetition of which words was the only articulation she ever after attempted. Notwithstanding the dreadful catastrophe of intellect, her health did not appear to be materially impaired, the natural placidity of her disposition rendered her perfectly docile under her woeful calamity—her usual attention to neatness in apparel was, if any thing, augmented; but no power of medicine could pierce the impenetrable gloom of melancholy with which she was enveloped—no fears of rashness were in the least entertained—no coercion ever thought of, for none were necessary; one single idea alone seemed to have absorbed every faculty, to every question of every description this was the only reply—*it is broken—quite broken.* It was observed that precisely at the return of the hour when the infatuated William quitted the house, Mary would repair to the beach, regardless of weather or any fortuitous circumstance whatsoever; if she caught the inquisitive eye of a passenger in scrutiny, she would only repeat—*it is broken—quite broken*—and resume the way to her wonted station on the strand: there would stand with eager eye and outstretched arms, a statue worthy the benign contemplation of pitying angels.

On the never-to-be-forgotten night of the 29th of November, 1808, Mary returned not at the usual hour—the wind roared from every point in the compass, and the torrents of rain had already deluged the adjacent fields, the sea was expected every moment to break its bounds, and the most terrific anxiety was depicted on every countenance: every possible search was made after the poor forlorn wanderer, but in vain—it was reluctantly given up till day-break, when, northward a full mile from the part she

was in the habit of frequenting, was discovered the ill-fated maiden—a corpse—her head reclining on the lifeless bosom of her William, who had been wrecked together with all the crew of the same vessel the preceding evening on her voyage to resume her former position. The malignant perpetratress, who had beheld the wretched girl's pitiable situation with indifference and contempt, no sooner heard report of this double calamity, than she was stricken with the most incurable invetefate madness—the terror and detestation of every one around, her wretched days were meritedly closed in a public asylum.

OBSERVER.

Nottingham, 9th November, 1812.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS, OR THE THREE AND THE DEUCE!!!

THE squares in the neigbourhood of the REGENT'S park are now become attractive in the highest degree. The visits of an illustrious personage to Manchester-square have long been the theme for admiration among all ranks of people, while his conduct operates as an example for the truly virtuous to copy, and the vicious to avoid. In one of these squares, not far distant from the beforementioned one, may be seen a house as yet impervious to the gaze of the crowd, from its not being recognized as the private property of a certain great man—the deposita-ry of his stolen and unlawful pleasures—the theatre of his amorous exhibitions! Visitors of rank—*female visitors* —enjoy the festivities and frolics of the mansion—the lord of it is the director of the entertainments. It is here the titled adultress repairs to enact in private, and when the voice of truth proclaims aloud the *honours* which have been showered down upon the heads of certain *cornutos,* the ——'s visits are those of necessity, less frequent, and secret appointments are made.

To avoid the remarks of the daily historian, a private house is taken for the purpose of performing *private plays.* Safe and secure from the prying eye of the inquisitive censor, the ——— revels in all the luxuries which are provided for him, and plays are got up in the first style. The principal female performers are three, constant at rehearsals at this theatre of licentiousness, unlicensed by the Lord Chamberlain!

Into this house we have taken the liberty of entering unbidden, to the treat. We pay our respects to a peeress with as much pleasure as to a commoner's lady. In the sunshine of beauty we love to bask, and all is life and gaiety in —— square. Wherever the ——— erects his standard, pleasure follows i his train, and follow pleasure we will, let any one say—*nay!*

The rage for private theatricals has induced the director to bring forward a great variety of *pieces*, some of them subordinate in rank in the theatrical world—others of more celebrity. Among the *pieces* produced lately "*The Taming of the Shrew*" has caused some surprize, because the principal part is allotted to a performer whom report had long since consigned to oblivion, and who being fair and fat, and in age *upwards* of forty, was adjudged by the director as unfit to *act*. This lady again, however, takes the lead at the age of *sixty*; she appears prominent in the management, and in concert with other two female performers and the ———, *The Three and the Deuce* is performed! The second lady was first introduced in a piece originally produced by a DUFF-er: that is to say, a dealer in *smuggled* goods not having a proper LICENCE—Subsequent to her appearance under his management, she was engaged by the ST. ALBAN's manager, where she gave much satisfaction, particularly in a play under the title of DUKE OR NO DUKE. The third performer graced the boards at CONWAY in Wales many years since, and being then in her prime experienced much success—the manager of the HERTFORD theatre engaged her to perform at his theatre.

The director of the ——— Square private theatricals having become enamoured with the *en bon point* of this lady, he obtained permission of the HERTFORD manager for the lady's assistance in private. These *three* performers are the only female performers in the house, and they alternately enact the principal female part in Greathead's play of the REGENT. Occasionally PRINCE HOARE's whimsical farce of the *Three and the Deuce* is enacted, and to afford every comfort and convenience to the ladies, dressing or rather *undressing* rooms are fitted up in a style of eastern magnificence, suitable to the character and consequence of the ladies. Each lady has her own room, to which egress is not allowed when she is present except to the ———. Of course when the ——— is ushered in the rehearsal commences. It is then voluptuousness is at its height. The ST. ALBAN's actress, the new favorite, has long been admired for the elegance of her figure, the beauty of her person, and the amiableness of her disposition. Her personification of *Cleopatra* in All for Love has been long spoken of as the chef d'œuvre of the histrionic art. Compared with the HERTFORD female she eclipses in every point of view. Age has taken possession of the latter's front, and though there are still the remains of a fine woman, it is the semblance of nature, or rather it is nature in decay!

The third and last of these interesting performers, for the reasons before stated, might, we should have imagined, been spared the mortification of again returning to scenes such as these. The errors of her early life—the pretended jump over the broomstick, but above all the circumstance which took place in January 1795, should have taught this lady a lesson of forbearance; and if the ——— be deaf to the voice of reason, and of justice, she at least from age, might have slid into the grave pitied, but not mourned. But, as DON MANUEL says, "kings, lords, and common w———s, all, all must die;" and DIE she is resolved at this private theatre. The nation, for a series of years, has been astonished with the cry of "CATHOLIC

CLAIMS!" Whether this lady has again appeared on the theatre of action, for any other view, than mere sensual gratification, we know not; but perhaps *her friends* expect she has influence, and can succeed in emancipating them.

Some short time since, these rehearsals were disturbed by a most untoward circumstance—the parties were all in high glee, when a certain nobleman's carriage drew up to the door. It so happened, that the modern *Cerberus* entrusted with the custody of this modern Pande—— had quitted his post, and resigned the guardianship to another of his fellows. The man not having received his proper cue, admitted the visitor, who tripping up stairs, surprized the —— and the three ladies in the drawing room. The situation in which they were, was, above all things, the most awkward, both in point of etiquette and delicacy. The LORD retreated, confused and angry, or in other words, *horn* mad! Colonel B—— was sent to soothe, to calm, and console—the message he brought was in the light of a COMMAND. Unused to disobey—the effect was electric, the Three and the DEUCE, laughed—the Lord joined in that laugh, and sung "*Horns, horns,* I defy you." The party sat down to dinner—Cerberus having been previously dismissed, and the performances go on as usual, much to the delight of all parties principally concerned.

The future performances shall be the subject of our next numbers. We have a talismanic wand, which on waving the door flies open. The rehearsals we shall attend, and perhaps be enabled to gratify our readers with a representation, and critique upon "*Secrets worth knowing*," and the ridiculous farce of "*Is he a* PRINCE?"

CROSS-READINGS EXTRAORDINARY.

YESTERDAY morning the Life Guards paraded for the first time in their newly-invented helmets—the inquest sat, and brought in their verdict lunacy.

The present parliament will meet on the 24th of November—those who wish for seats are requested to apply a week or two before-hand.

Yesterday was married, after a courtship of a month, —— Davison, of Chiswick, to Miss Duncan—a session of oyer and terminer, and of gaol delivery, was held at the Old Bailey.

Application is intended to be made for an addition to the Duke's annuity—the town is at present infested by a gang of swindlers and pickpockets.

On Saturday a grand levee was held at Carlton House—several notorious vagabonds and prostitutes were assembled on the occasion.

Sir Francis Burdett, that ardent patriot, is in—a curious pickle, prepared by Oxford and Co.

We hear that Lady A. is solacing herself at her beautiful mansion in S—— street—several tall fellows were detected in the very act.

Lord Barrymore has just recovered from his late indisposition—the nuisance was complained of, and ordered to be abated.

The Duchess of * * * *—was ordered to be imprisoned two months, and publicly whipt.

The confidence of the public is respectfully solicited by—Hase and Company, rag merchants, Threadneedle-street.

Dr. Parr is at present engaged in a profound and philosophical investigation of—Mrs. Clarke's premises at Putney.

The committee of management at Drury yesterday distributed—several lots of tallow candles, with a small assortment of farthing rush-lights.

His grace the Archbishop of Canterbury was pleased to order—a rump steak and dozen, for the benefit of the company.

Mr. Elliston undertook the part of Hamlet;—he was dreadfully injured by his fall, and is not likely to recover.

We are happy to inform our readers, that Mr. Betty has recovered from—the attacks of several contemporary journals.

The Duke of York has determined, it is said, to resume the use—of several oyster-wenches and apple-women.

Yesterday a person at the Bedford Tavern, undertook to *swallow*— all the lies of the Morning Post.

Several days have now elapsed, since—Mrs H. slept alone in the back parlor.

Last week a pointer dog, while pursuing a RAT—was elected to represent the borough of Gatton!

The declaration of war, by the United States, has had—the effect of restoring *peace* to the town of Sheffield.

A great number of *seamen* have been taken—and for contempt committed to the *Fleet*, by the chancellor.

A magnificent *monument* has been erected—in honour of the friends of LIBERTY, PEACE AND COMMERCE!

Not less in number than three hundred *Luddites*—were presented on Thursday last, to the Prince Regent.

Stolen or strayed, from the neighbourhood of Windsor—the dispatches received from Lord Wellington, by the Rover.

One of the letters by the Gottenburgh mail, mentions—that no business of importance was transacted.

A pitched BATTLE, for a purse of guineas, was fought—on Saturday, when the *survivor* expired without a groan.

On the 25th inst. Miss Davis of Croft Castle was—sent as a present, to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

A court of aldermen was held on Tuesday, for the purpose—of fighting for the cause in the Peninsula.

It is now entirely settled, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer—is to be committed to Bridewell to hard labour.

An alarming *fire* broke out on Monday, which consumed—the River Thames completely covered with boats.

It is stated in letters from Quebec, that an army—of forged one pound notes of the Leicester Bank is in circulation.

A regular series of *moniteurs* was *delivered*—which with the *mother* are all likely to do well.

Through a private channel, we have certain information—that great depredations are committing on the PUBLIC.

THE H——N G———N PARACELSUS.

TO TRACE the biography of the most eminent competitors in the paths of empiricism, is a duty, on the part of a literary censor, as arduous and unpleasing, as it is urgent. The records of their early years are usually enveloped in impervious obscurity: their initiation into the knowledge and practice of the world, has been among scenes and associates of the lowest rank and the most discreditable character; and the circumstances that accompany their successful career in the exercise of their profession, are of a nature to shock the humane and disgust the fastidious. Yet the depredations of the St. Andrew's Esculapius are so extensive, and his advertisements are so conspicuous for their pompous accounts of his own education and acquirements, that we feel it our duty as servants of the public, to prevent, if possible, the repetition of the one, and the commission of the other.

Of the birth and parentage of the individual whose progressive deception it becomes our present duty to record, we have endeavoured with exemplary assiduity to discover the particulars. But it is often the peculiar praise of great and celebrated men, that they rest for their estimation in the opinion of the public on themselves alone, and

derive no additional respect or notoriety from their paternal connections. The parentage of Homer is still involved in impenetrable obscurity: we are assured by the editor of the Antigallican Monitor, that the father of Napoleon Bonaparte was but a simple attorney, and it is no disgrace to the slayer of thousands in H——n G——n, that he boasts a descent comparatively less illustrious than the *slayer of thousands* in the kremlin of Moscow. Report indeed has attributed to his father the purification of the chimneys, and the ablution of the pavement at the good city of Caernarvon; but "envy doth merit as its shade pursue," whether it be the merit that attaches to virtuous honesty, or cold, calculating, avaricious impudence.

Our enquiries, indeed, into his genealogy and parentage were chiefly obstructed by the difficulty of ascertaining the name under which he first exhibited his talents for the subordinate offices of life. At the blooming age of seventeen, we find him patrolling the streets as errand boy to a druggist of Bishopgate-street, under the name of Barron. He entered soon after into the situation of assistant to an apothecary. His master was in a declining way, and his mistress began to look around her for a substitute. The juvenile appearance and uninitiated manners of Tom —— recommended him to her notice; at her request he was promoted from the kitchen to the parlor, and instructed in all the arcana of pharmaceutical deception. By regular gradation he rose from the laborious exercise of the pestle to the dispensation of medicines, and but for the discovery of his infidelity with the cook, he might have continued to act in the twofold capacity of confidential foreman and assistant apothecary to his mistress.

Immediately after his dismissal, fortune introduced him to the acquaintance of the notorious M—— B——, who finding that he was adequately versed in the phraseology of medicine, and that no compunctious visitings

of conscience impeded the display or the employment of his talents, engaged with him in a bond of partnership, by which they contracted to share the profits and the labours of a medical establishment for the cure of the venereal disease. Under the names of Godfrey, therefore, and of Douglas, they alternately attended to the complaints, and emptied the pockets of their customers; but harrassed by the importunities of former creditors, recognized by many of their former dupes, and too idle or too speculative to attend with due punctuality on the simple patients who trusted to their professions, they abandoned the concern as unproductive: M—— B—— remained in London, to astonish that part of the community by his discoveries; and Mr. ——— sought refuge from the clamours of his creditors and his patients in the town of Holdsworth, as an assistant to Mr. Longley.

In the mean time he had entered into the "holy state of matrimony" with the cast-off mistress of Lord Sandwich; and fatigued with the cares of wedlock, rendered doubly burthensome by the expenditure of his helpmate's portion, he seized the opportunity of his journey to Holdsworth to leave her to her own disposal, and assumed in his capacity of assistant the name and the language of a bachelor.

But a propensity to locomotion is the usual characteristic of villainy. The humble uniformity of life that necessarily attached to the situation of a country apothecary's assistant was but ill adapted to his vain and profligate disposition; and after obtaining a few pounds for the labours of six months, he returned with his newly acquired treasure to the former scenes of his empirical enterprize.

The establishment and progress of quackery are as easily practised as understood. The discarded porter, or incompetent journeyman of a druggist or apothecary becomes acquainted by his practice at the mortar with the composition of a mercurial pill, or a lenitive electuary. He manufactures a few pots or boxes of the

article; takes a first floor in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street or Hatton-garden, and either copies with the change of dates and names, the advertisements of old and forgotten masters in the art of quackery, or engages some newspaper compiler of paragraphs to draw him out a set of puffs and cases. With ten pounds in his pocket therefore, a moderate share of cunning and unusual impudence, he commences his career as a doctor of medicine. His advertisements are multiplied—his reputation rises: instead of hiring the first floor he rents the house; a few years enable him to purchase the lease; a little more success supplies him with the means of establishing his chaise and pair; the chaise and pair is converted soon afterwards into a carriage; and the successful adventurer smiles from its windows with mingled wonder and self-complacency at the credulity of the multitude.

To the honor of a chariot Dr. —— has not yet attained, though it may be presumed that so versatile and accommodating a character will not ultimately fail of its appropriate reward. Not content with ostensibly uniting in his own person all the talent of his medical establishment, he supports in secret all the honors, and endures all the labours of a company of surgeons: on one day he attends his patients under the name of ——; on another under that of Courtney; to-day he is the celebrated Dr. Blaine; to-morrow the successful Mr. Godfrey: and none but those who have by accident detected his various transformations, would suspect that in him are combined all the functions of an apparent copartnership.

Such have been the progress and such the practices of the hero of the present narrative. The ci-devant errand-boy is now the master of a splendid house and elegant establishment, while his wife, deserted and neglected, is left to linger out a miserable life in some obscure part of the town, on the scanty pittance extorted from her husband's fears! His emoluments, obtained by imposing on the credulity of the public, have not contributed to elevate him above the commission of meanness, or the

sufferings that usually attach to deliberate criminality. What he has wickedly obtained, he sometimes expends in joyless debauchery, and sometimes hoards with the most penurious jealousy, and while he boasts of his cures and his skill, he is himself the victim of those maladies from which he professes to relieve the afflicted part of the community.

CRŒSUS THE SECOND.

Sir,

Moderation in prosperity, and a liberal and manly use of the gifts of fortune, are among the most certain marks of a virtuous spirit, an amiable temper, and an honorable principle. We may always recognize the real gentleman by the uniformity with which he steers the middle course between avarice and extravagance, and by the lenity with which he punishes any trivial violation of his rights, or any unpremeditated invasion of his property, while he knows how to visit and to prevent any unprovoked and malignant attack on his person and his fortune. The true English gentleman is happy in the happiness of others; a smile of contentment or of joy on the countenance of the lower orders is productive of equal gratification to himself, and he would rather that one unlucky trespasser on his grounds should escape, than that the circle of his dependents should have reason to complain of his tyranny or his inhumanity.

Nor while he endeavours to alleviate the dependence of the poor, and to correct their errors with the tenderness of a parent rather than to punish them with the severity of a master, does he neglect the courtesies that are due from one gentleman to another, or estimate the degrees of his civilities by the amount of his neighbours' rent-rolls. With his early companions he continues the

reciprocities of friendship, and with those whom vicinity of residence, or other circumstances call him into occasional contact, he is open and courteous; frank in his address, and liberal in his observations on their conduct and character. Without deserting his own rights, or sacrificing his own conveniences, he affords to them whatever facilities of gentlemanly and liberal amusement, fortune may have thrown it in his power to participate with men of kindred principles and sentiments.

Of such a character it is the pride of an Englishman to believe that his own country can produce many splendid examples, and while a M—— shall remain to shed a lustre on the age in which he lives, the fools of fortune, cannot advance, in mitigation of their guilt, the want of an object of imitation. Of his lordship's domestic life, the character may not be generally known; but his courtesy to strangers, his liberal and manly deportment in his daily intercourse with his equals, and his attention to the interest and the pleasure of that part of the community, which fortune has enabled him to gratify, are too well known, to require the eulogy of any correspondent; his resignation of one half of his manors to the use and amusement of the public, while he expressed his firm determination to punish with severity any trespasser on the reserved parts of his estate, is still in the recollection of the world, and presents to his equals a noble example of prudence combined with liberality.

Very different, however, are the feelings and the character of an individual who may on account of his newly acquired possessions be justly denominated the modern Crœsus. Elevated by a concurrence of favourable circumstances to the possession of a princely fortune, the advantages he has obtained are only converted to the gratification of his selfish passions, to the oppression of his dependants and inferiors, and to the alienation of those friends and companions, who previous to the developement of his character had witnessed his errors with indulgence, and ascribed to him the posses-

sion of qualities of which no circumstance of his preceding life had tended to demonstrate the want. Since his marriage with an heiress, his conduct has been marked by impertinence towards his superiors, by a destitution of common courtesy in his intercourse with his equals, and above all, by a marked disregard of the feelings of his dependants, and by a selfishness of conduct as a landlord, and master, and a gentleman, which at once indicates the vanity of a weak intellect, and the obdurate insensibility of a depraved heart, and perverted feeling. Enabled by the splendid inheritance that has fallen to his lot, to enhance his own felicity, by contributing to the happiness of others; to diffuse around him the blessings of competence and contentment; to contribute to the comforts of a large proportion of the community, by pursuing the simplest dictates of honorable feeling; he has sacrificed all the god-like attributes, and all the enviable privileges of his situation, to the gratification of a mean, selfish, and arbitrary spirit; and amidst the abundance of his wealth, is the object of equal hatred to his inferiors, and of contempt to his equals.

We can all remember by what unexampled exertions on the part of his family, and by what employment of literary talent, he was forced and puffed into the good opinion of the heiress. The Nabob's Gazette, the journal of a newly creared Baronet, and the Welleslyan Journal, became the vehicles of the lowest description of self-flattery: the protector of a ——— was metamorphosed by their correspondents into a paragon of manly virtue; but the ambition of her relatives was in all probability the most urgent motive of her preference: the family of her adopted husband, if not the most wealthy or the most exalted, was certainly the most powerful in political influence; and the path of its juvenile branches to the highest honors that the monarch could confer, was easy and evident. The circle also of fashionable life in which her husband moved, was sufficiently extensive, and its influence was not unemployed, while the certainty of moving

within its boundaries, could not be without its recommendation to a young and blooming heiress.

It would be impossible to narrate within the limits that remain to the present article, the various acts of selfish tyranny by which his conduct to his inferiors has been characterized since his accession to the property; nor are we willing to anticipate, by their imperfect exposition, the full and fair effect of their minute developement: yet some of his indiscretions have been committed so immediately in the vicinity of the metropolis, as to become the theme of general conversation. An individual of generous feelings and manly principles, would have been happy to celebrate his entrance into the possession of the domains of W——— by some act of graceful liberality, and by the diffusion among his tenants, his neighbours, and his dependants of contentment and festivity. The extent of his treasures would have impressed him, with the propriety, and the pleasure of levying them with moderation, and of sacrificing some paltry and contingent gains to more solid though less immediate advantages, and to the acquisition of that love and respect which the English people are always willing to feel and to observe towards the individuals who are ennobled by other attributes than extensive wealth. But the modern Crœsus had no sooner attained to the summit of good fortune than he became the scourge of his neighbours and the terror of his dependants; by his claim of exclusive privilege he has violated the rights of the public; and by his repeated and tyrannical enforcement of obsolete statutes, he has become the dread and the oppressor of the poor. It is not yet so late that he may not adopt a more manly and more prudent conduct: and if he do not reform, it shall not be for want of the future admonitions of

A W——— OBSERVER.

THE LIFE GUARDS;

OR,

THE MILITARY HARLEQUINADE.

At a moment when the fate of Europe may be decided by the most trivial incident, and an hour of delay, or a single act of indiscretion on the part of those to whom our affairs are committed, may render abortive the most splendid victories, and the most propitious concurrence of circumstances, it excites in the bosom of a genuine patriot a mingled emotion of surprize and indignation, to witness the paltry follies, and the ignoble propensities, to which the salvation of the continent, and the existence of the British empire, are likely to become the melancholy sacrifice; while the legitimate monarchs of the continent are doomed to dishonorable subservience as the vassals of Bonaparte, or struggling amidst the devastation of a ruined and desolated country, for their own possessions, and the national independence of their people, it is impossible for the most insensible, or the most indifferent spectator, to observe without sorrow and astonishment the fatuity of men, who, neither instructed by the scenes of contemporary history, nor warned by the dangers which threaten to overwhelm the foreign victims of their own vanity and frivolity, forget in their devotion to childish trifling, or unmanly luxuries, the claims of duty, of interest, and of decency.

It appears from unquestionable authority that Lord Wellington solicited, in his dispatches immediately subsequent to the battle of Salamanca, a reinforcement of *ten thousand* men; expressing his hopes of acting with that addition to his army decidedly and effectively. His lordship was assured that every endeavour would be made to fulfil his wishes, and in order to satisfy the public of

the extent of these exertions, it was formally announced that the first regiment of Life Guards would immediately embark for the Peninsula. Now I shall not stop to enquire into the necessity for all this ostentation, or to examine for what reason the troops on board the expedition that *did not* create a diversion in favour of Lord Wellington, were not sent in a body to his army: but your readers will naturally ask, why, if the Life Guards were to be sent out at all, their equipment was not immediate, and their embarkation has been so frequently delayed, and may not yet have taken place? If the equipment of a single regiment, when its immediate presence might decide the fate of a campaign, be attended with so much difficulty and delay, it would be better that the heroes of Salamanca should cover the *pavè*, and our soldiers repose in the bosom of their country. Much glory may be obtained, and much blood be shed in our continental struggles; but under the present system, nothing effectual can be performed; and the object of skilful combinations and splendid victories may be sacrificed to the length of a *queue*, or the colour of a whisker.

It is notorious, I believe, that the first regiment of Life Guards has been detained in this country more than two months, in order that their uniform and *accoutrements* might be subjected to a mixed committee of princes, generals, and taylors. It was not inquired in a certain quarter whether the delay of a few weeks would promote or injure the cause of the peninsula; the sufferings of ten millions of people, struggling for freedom or existence, were disregarded or forgotten; that *English hearts* in *English habits* were the most formidable enemies of oppression and tyranny, was a truth unworthy of their consideration and remembrance. The only objects of consideration were the length of their tails, and the colour of their jackets. The deliberations of a courtly coterie, and a council of war, were deeply devoted to the shape and materials of their helmets; and the guardians of European independence, would not suffer the Spaniards to

obtain a chance of liberty till the whiskers and the head-pieces of their expected champions were moulded and adapted to the taste of a princely *marchand de modes.*

And after all, what have these connoisseurs in military costume produced? There is in these new habiliments neither the majesty of the ancient costume, nor the neatness and comfort of the modern. They possess neither picturesque effect, nor symmetrical elegance. They are motley, tawdry, and inconvenient. In former times when the buckler and the shield were used as defensive weapons against the sword and the battle-axe, or the muscular and nervous limbs of the warrior were enveloped in mail, the helmet possessed a corresponding utility and beauty both as a protection and an ornament; but in the present instance, while the body is lightly and thinly clad, though equally exposed to projectile and manual weapons, the head, which is the part of all others the least open to assault, in close and personal combat, is overwhelmed with a piece of armor, useless against the bayonet or the sword, and affording no defence against fire-arms or artillery. The manly outline of the English countenance is enveloped in a cumbersome and unsightly invention, and the quickness of the eye and the agility of the body, impeded by its weight and disproportionate extension.

The "bold port—the martial frown," and the ingenuous but manly countenance of the British soldier, have been the theme of eloquent admiration from the age of Tacitus to the present time; and even laying aside the consideration of the important objects that are neglected by the inventors of these changes for patterns of breeches and samples of horse-hair, their fooleries are to be regarded, even in a critical point of view, as deserving of the most supreme contempt, and the most decided reprehension.

I remain, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
A Friend to the Military.

A YEAR OF PEACE AND A YEAR OF WAR.

Mr. Editor,

So much favour has been shewn to my essays through the medium of your excellent Scourge, and so thoroughly does your lash of severity accord with my views of reforming men and manners, that I am strongly excited to fresh efforts in depicting the burthens we suffer, and the happiness we have lost. In a search for subjects no one has more forcibly struck me as applicable to my purpose than that of a contrasted Year of Peace and a Year of War! It is a subject embracing so much matter for reflection, so much to interest the feelings, so much for commiseration, that the great difficulty in drawing the contrast will be the restraint so necessary to be put on the volubility of the pen, which could declaim in volumes, and could curse with all the frenzied wildness and bold strength of ungoverned passion, of Shakespeare's Lear. Let us for a moment only contemplate the revolving seasons, and let us read in them how much there is to joy the human heart.

Oh, parent Nature! how sweet art thou—how much hast thou done for thy children!—thou bearest in thy bosom all that can delight the virtuous, all that can excite the heart to the mild joys of mental pleasure, and a rational and fervent love of the great Author of our being! Who shall behold the unreserved approach of opening Spring, with her enlivening days advancing in length, her luxuriant showers nurturing the leaves to growth, and bidding the flowers and blossoms expand on the earth's surface, with the birds pairing agreeable to the harmony of nature, and carolling in cheerful concert on the spangled bough—who shall behold this, and with a feeling heart would not curse the brutal ruffian who, with ambitious hand could hurl the firebrand and unsheath the sword—to ravage—to plunder—to destroy—to deform this fair front with human blood! Next in her approach

is Summer, more matronly in form, the days assume their greatest length, the flowers and the fruits their largest growth, the showers cease that have called them forth, and the fecundating sun lends his bright beams to ripen the earth's green tresses, and gladden the approach of Autumn. God, God, strike thou the rude invader dead who would trample on these thy works, and destroy the prospects of the husbandmen—dry up the juices of his frame—turn the bloodless heart and form of the fire-disgorging monster to marble—fix me the cold wretch a monument of thy wrath—and thus crack the sinews of destructive war by deterring the unprincipled from aggression. Next in the order of things comes wanton Autumn, with her yellow waving tresses, and her bounteous lap stored with the luxurious grape, and the golden wheat-ear—she fills the farmer's granaries and his barns, and beckons approaching Winter to behold how well she has provided for his wants—his sterile brow relaxes into good humour at her care—the white hoar upon his front looks cheerful—the icicle that hangs upon his shoulder is not terror-fraught in the eyes of the poor, for they reckon on the glorious harvest of an abundant season, which the toil of the husbandman has procured—the tenement is well thatched, the crackling faggot will dispel the cold, the last spring's shearing has produced abundance of flannel, and Winter is welcomed as an athletic friend, bringing with him a renovated vigour, bracing up the joints, and imparting a health which continued summer would dreadfully enfeeble. This is the common ordinance of nature; and thus in countries where the flame of war was never known, are the bounties of Heaven felt, and the majesty of the Most High appearing in his works, imparts to the soul a serenity of thought, and an admiration of Providence better calculated to make men virtuous, to make men happy, than all the human laws which reason can fabricate. But the bounty of Heaven is not simply manifested in rural life—it is in every station, every rank of society—in agricultural pursuits it is more

immediately recognized, because immediately operating on all classes, and more perceptible. Man is stimulated to industry because his labours are rewarded, and from the plough, which is necessary, he soars to other arts—convenience is studied, nay all the luxuries which art can devise, are pursued; and the skilful mechanist, by ingenious means, contributes his portion to the comforts and the happiness of his fellow man. Thus is it where the sickle is not changed for the sword, and the cornucopia for the firebrand—thus is it where the husbandman toils without fear of being robbed either by foreign foes or domestic burthens—thus is it where the manufacturer barters his labour with the husbandman, and the compact is not broken by the jarring interests of states or by the ambition of sovereigns. It is War—it is blood-stained War, with locks reeking with human gore, that destroys this delightful harmony of things: even where his presence is not—even there he devastates, like the dreaded earthquake his shock is felt in climes far distant from his horrid form—his breath trembles in the fast-sailing clouds, and o'er dividing seas is borne to blight—to wither—to destroy—to sterilize!!! But in the contemplation of this savage figure let us enquire into his birth, and we shall find that Man, arrogating Man, calls him into being—gives him the sinews of destruction—breathes into his vital frame the consuming fire, and arms him at all points with all the fierce engines of extirpation. Man forges his annihilating bolts, and all this against his fellow being MAN. Take the following as pictures of a year of Peace, and a year of War, and let that being who calmly devises the destruction of his species, plume himself on military skill, and reconcile to himself the miseries he entails upon his country. I, Sir, am one so firmly attached to the olive branch, that I neither claim his feeling or his friendship.

Yours, &c. CENSOR.

Year of Peace.

JANUARY.—How delightful doth the year commence, the icicle hangs from the tiles, the country is covered with hoar, and the gay metropolis is enlivened by the cheering sun, although it warms not. The husbandman is employed in the straw-yard with his cattle, or picking the frozen turnip with his axe, cutting chaff, or felling wood for the fire. While the townsmen and manufacturers are cheerfully pursuing their avocations, and in warm cloathing which their labour has procured for them, contemplate the cold with pleasure—the poor have employment, and none are destitute, for the aged and infirm have warm parochial habitations which the hand of industry has cheerfully provided, and the blessings of peace confirms to them.

FEBRUARY.—The rigors of winter are beginning to disappear, cold thaws remove the snows from the earth, and the eaves of the houses are dropping. The thrush and woodlark begin their early song—the snowdrop and crocus shew their gay heads amid the hu-

Year of War.

JANUARY.—Another year has commenced, rugged and unkind. The cold and piercing frost continues, and the high price of provision threatens the wretched with all the horrors of want. The agricultural laborer can scarcely exist upon his pittance, and clothing is almost beyond his means. The cold pierces through his tattered garments, and his bones are filled with cramps and aches—his poor, his wretched family, seek parochial aid—alas, hundreds are claiming the same relief, and while the housekeeper is taxed beyond his means, yet the poor are but little benefited, for so trifling becomes the aid by division that it is unequal even to existence. Equal are the sufferings of the manufacturer; if not more acute—the loom is stopped by war—his means of living are at an end—his family is wholly destitute—industry can do nothing for him.

FEBRUARY.—Winter assumes a less sterile front, but still cold are the hearts of the poor, those who have weathered through the keen blasts of this dire season rendered so by adversity. Firing is dear almost to exclusion—coals cannot be obtained, for men and

Year of Peace.

mid earth, and the tall alder flowers. The stiff clay, no longer frost-bound, yields to the plough-share, and the labouring husbandman finds new employment as the season advances. The most pleasing society prevails in towns—Christmas sociality has not yet wholly disappeared; plays, balls, and card parties are resorted to by the rich, the affluent, and the industrious. Trade thrives in every branch, the brow of care is hardly seen, large fortunes are not made by monopolists or contractors, but honorable independence by the tradesman and manufacturer.

March.—Cold winds chiefly from the east, now check the progress of vegetation, but every hedge assumes the livery of spring, and the busy ploughman whistles in chorus with the chirping sparrow and warbling thrush. The poor and humble cottager welcomes the approach of warm day with placid joy, while the townsman and manufacturer, busy at his loom, hails the coming spring as opening a new mart for his manufactures, and joyfully looks forward to when the equinox is over, that ships may safely travel to foreign climes to dispose of his goods. The

Year of War.

vessels in this service are impressed—men to fight against the enemies of their country, and ships to transport our brave soldiers to foreign shores—far from their families and friends—never, perhaps, never to be heard of more—Oh dire and hard necessity!—but let me pause—is there a necessity?—was it necessary that we went to war because Frenchmen dared to redress their own wrongs, and elect their own sovereign? or because the Americans denied the right of search from a British ship, and would not bow to its flag?

March.—Cold winds dry up the sloughy roads, and contending armies prepare for new campaigns. The shrill fife and heavy rolling drum beat to arms in every town, and the poor ploughman hungry and wretched with little or no covering—accepts the bounty and enlists; his shrieking wife beholds the cockade in his hat, and his prattling children crowd round his knee delighted to behold the gay colours that decorate his brow—alas—poor innocents—unconscious that in that specious appearance is disguised their father's death-warrant! The

Year of Peace.

merchant has no fears but of the winds—trade flourishes, and the busy community, like the insect laborers in an ant-hill, go to their avocations with cheerfulness.

APRIL.—On comes smiling April, smiling in tears, like the fond mother, who, joying in her child, weeps her pleased hopes while hanging over his countenance. The swallow builds, the cuckoo from the green wood sings, and the plaintive nightingale pours forth her notes at eve, when the husbandman returns, whistling o'er the lea, to the welcoming smile of his wife waiting him at the cottage door. The townsman adjusts his dress to the season, and when the labours of the day are done, seeks his recreation in a walk. Happy, happy countenances begin this month. Peace is the harbinger of every joy—peace bids the plough to move, the shuttle to fly, the merchant sailor to steer. Peace alike gilds the court and hovel, for

Year of War.

metropolis is no longer gay—the merchant fears his ships at sea—fresh loans are talked of, and new taxes on an already over-burthened people—the mechanic seeks employment in vain, he enlists and leaves a destitute family to starve, poverty has drowned his reason, and he resorts to the last expedient before he has well contemplated the act which has deprived his helpless children of their only staff.

APRIL.—Armies begin to move—mothers part with their sons, wives with their husbands. War, coeval in active birth, with spring now with threatening front advances—The frames fettering laws for the manufacturer—laws which put an end to commerce and deprive the industrious of the means of living—the tradesman stands behind his counter unemployed in eager expectation, while in the diminution of his business, he sees enough to tremble for the future. The beggar from his door goes unrelieved, for his own wants are more than he can cater for, he has a family of his own, and the taxes of the state are more than he can bear.

Year of Peace.

peace is the patron of pleasure and of industry.

MAY.—Harmonious May, welcome, thrice welcome! typical of peace, thou art the sweetest emblem of concord and all that can rationally delight; thou art as the blooming maiden, decked with modesty and smiles, rich with ripening beauties, and thy breath sweet as the matins of cherubims. The oak, the beech, the ash open their green leaves, and from their branches spring the most melodious music from the fresh fledged choristers. The lawns are spangled with the early flowret, the cowslip and the primrose. The village swain courts his lass under the hawthorn hedge; the old man, winter-bound, now leans upon his crutch, and in a morning walk, inhales the pure air which renovates him; he wears upon his cheek the mantling livery of health, and his steps gain firmness as the days advance. The townsman, too, is courted abroad by the early sunshine, and the streets and shops are filled by the saunterer, and those who contribute their aid to the welfare of trade; light breezes fill the sails of the merchantmen lightly gliding over the smooth ocean: and all is promise, all is joyful expectation.

Year of War.

MAY.—Hark!—those joyful acclamations—hark!—those loud shouts and cries of "lights, lights"—they speak of a battle won—of thousands of the vanquished enemy strewing the plain—of streams of human blood flowing o'er fertile acres—of birds of dawn shrieking in their flight—of corn fields consumed by fire, and of the peaceful cottager's humble home falling in the wreck of devastation. Huzza! huzza!—"glorious news!—"glorious news!"—and why partakes not yon poor forlorn one of the general joy—her heart seems ready to break at every shout, her gushing tears streaming from unwearied eyelids moisten and relax the bursting streams of human being—she has just heard that her husband—the fond partner of her life—the father of her six children, was one of those who gallantly fell in the action fighting for his country!—Alas, what is country, what is world to her! She's at once cut off from all that can charm—her days of happiness are closed—a workhouse opens to receive her and those whom war has orphaned.

Year of Peace.

JUNE.—Behold bright smiling June, with glowing warmth advance, and sombre night flies from the lengthened day. Maidens now deck in light attire, and display their luxurious forms through thinnest drapery—see the lovely Anna, lightly tripping in the shade to meet her admiring Henry; can you not distinguish in that smiling eye the fondest expectation, the sweetest thrilling hope?—and see the youth, his avocation of the day is over—now neat and trim, he hastens to meet her whom it is his only joy to see—they meet, that affectionate grasp of the hand speaks volumes.—That parlour window yonder being open, what honest, what happy countenances do I behold seated round the table—the master of the house is telling an old story to his guests, while he is circulating the wine freely—his heart is gay, his doors are open, his board is well spread, his circumstances are good, he's the husband of an amiable wife, the father of a happy family, he owes no debt he cannot cheerfully and readily pay, and he never listens with dread to the fall of the knocker. These are the beings that live in the days of peace, of glorious peace!

Year of War.

JUNE.—"Why shines the sun upon my keen griefs" cried old Edward to his afflicted wife; "rather let me bury myself in night—I have no heart—it is broken by misfortune." I could not resist the desire of speaking to this old man, and enquiring of him the cause of that apparent anguish which sat so firmly on his silvered brow—it was presuming of me—but there is something so impelling in an old man's tears, something so distressing in the utterance of an old man's sighs—that delicacy out of the question, I stopped short and spoke to him—he looked at me with a gravity of that nature to awe and shame the inquisitor—I felt it, faultered,—bowed, and wished earnestly to retire; he saw what was revolving in my mind; and more courteously bid me stay; half hesitating I accepted the proffered chair—"sit down, sir,"—he cried "I feel by no means angry with your desire to know what is the cause of my uneasiness—my affairs are too much deranged to afford me a hope of their dissolution not being very shortly publicly known, and I think I can perceive in your countenance that it was feeling and not impertinence that urged the question.

Year of Peace.

JULY.—The confirmed heat of summer is too much for the townsman, and the hot rays of the sun dwell on the white cottage-walls of the husbandman; but sweet is the smell of the new-mown hay, and the panting ewe yields with ready compliance her fleece to the shearer. The fruits meltingly hang on the bough, inviting to be plucked. The corn ear shews a golden head gently waving in the fanning breeze. Feasts and fairs are in their zenith, and the delighted countryman is seen spending the reward of his toil with carelessness and glee. The tradesman is invited to partake of rural sports, and reckoning up the profits of his spring transactions, leaves his shop to the management of his man, who is not influenced by the pressure of the times to peculation—he leaves the town, and glads his heart in rural festivity.

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JULY,—*Old Edward's Tale* —"Five and forty years ago I commenced business in this house, after serving seven years to a linen-draper, and five more in the management of his shop. It was in my 27th year I married, and commenced master. My prospects, if they were not brightened by large capital, were not dismayed by my want of industry and a frugal inclination on both our parts. We were early risers—our shop was clean and neat—we lived sparingly—and were grateful and attentive to our customers. An honest profit was all we required, and we never sold but when we could with confidence see our purchaser a second time. At first things went on very well—our capital increased—so did our family. We were not of the number who declaimed against the taxes—we knew the state must be supported—and as yet the contributions exacted were not oppressive—it remained for the nation to be involved in a ruinous expensive war—it remained for those locusts of a country, contractors, to raise their crests above the middling orders of society, and feed upon the community—it remained for specie to be gra-

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AUGUST.—See how the light breeze fills the sails of the packet—bearing the happy trader to the sea coast—smooth is the sea through whose parting surface it glides, and they will soon partake of all the pleasures of the bath—see when the forked lightning streams along the sky--hark the loud howling thunder how it roars, and see where the heavy drops fall on the parched earth moistening and cooling—the blighting insect dies that threatens to destroy vegetation—but now behold the sky serene again calls out the reap-

Year of War.

dually disappearing; and that large paper issues from newly created banks, should grow into circulation, and give the staff of power, into the hand of monopoly.

The war with America threatened the annihilation of the country in a commercial point of view—but the evil as yet was only in feeble growth—business was impeded—odious taxes were resorted to—but the padlock was not put on the doors of trade. Princes were profligate—bankrupts—every Gazette announced the fall of creditors whom they had ruined, but the evil as yet was feeble compared with that which was to follow.

AUGUST.—*Old Edward's Tale continued.*—" Oh, Sir, still hangs upon my withering recollection all the pangs I suffered on the decrease of my trade. I had five children looking up to me for support, and the most strenuous industry could scarcely obtain it for them. Are you a father ?—Do you know, or can you feel how the heart of a father is wrung when contemplating the misery to which his children is subject? But why dwell only on the commencement of my sufferings; those were days of happiness compared with

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ers to their work—the full eared corn pod falls beneath the hook—oh—look yonder—behold the poor—leasing—like the busy ant—collecting their winter store;—but whence comes this fragrant smell, and whence those loud shouts—they come from the hop-yard. Oh happy, happy peace—thou art the friend of nature, the friend of man—all is happiness under thy dominion.

SEPTEMBER. —— The cool

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what were to follow. Although at this period hope was revived by a Peace, which lasted only long enough to make the renewal of War ten times more tremendous. The American struggle was over—brother ceased to imbrue his hand in brother's blood—but the revolution in France brought with it a fresh incitement to war. Princes trembled when they saw a nation arm in defence of its rights, and the sovereign of a *free* people landed an army in France to subjugate the oppressed to a yoke which they abhorred.

"In those luxuriant months when the blushing grape clusters the vineyard, and the yellow waving corn bows its head to the breeze, the English fire-brand was thrown in the fertile plains of France, and the devouring element raged upon plenty; the curled smoke flew up to Heaven, and the piercing shrieks of those who saw the threatened famine—Sir, then was the English name for the first time cursed by a frantic people—then did Frenchmen unite against the invader—then did they swear eternal enmity to England, and the cause of the Bourbons was lost.

SEPTEMBER—*Old Edward's*

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morning now succeeds, and the mild ale of the harvest home exhilarates the farmer. The hare is hunted from the rich stubble, and the plump partridge, disturbed by the staunch pointer, springs to its doom which it rises to avoid. The wealthy cit, tired of rural life, wearied of the sea breeze, and anxious to be behind his counter again, returns to his favourite London, and talks over his bottle all that he has seen and felt to congratulating friends. The shop is put in active requisition for the winter trade—the shuttle flies—the loom is going—the sheriffs are chosen, and civic feasts begin.

OCTOBER.—See where frigid winter comes, clad in his cloak of fur, the nights are cold, and the nipping frost cuts up the

Year of War.

Tale continued.—" And now began the toil of those who were to feed the flame of war. The taxes increased alarmingly—even the poor man's salt became burthened—landlords raised their rents to meet the demands of the state—farmers their cattle and corn—still taxation increased, and the widow's pension of sixty pounds a year became subject to an exaction of the government of *six pounds* — coin wholly disappeared, and paper was the substitute—paper, that great engine of monopoly, that enemy to trade—and those issues were not confined solely to the Bank of England, but to private persons, who, keeping what they term *banking houses*, fabricate *two-penny* guineas, and pass them current at *one and twenty shillings.* Thus a man without capital could by these means raise the markets by his paper, and ruin the fair trader. The fearful times began, auguring all the dismay which has been too amply verified. I could no longer keep my shop—my shop could no longer keep me.

OCTOBER.—*Old Edward's Tale concluded.*—" Creditors pressed me for the payment of goods still in my shop un-

Year of Peace.

vegetable roots of the last spring's seedling, the roads are strewed with yellow leaves, and the post-boy's horn announces the arrival of the lagging townsman, who saw the summer's sun decline still in the country. Old British hospitality is prepared for, to joy the winter nights; the stout ale is brewed, over which good humour is to preside, and the merry tale to be told, while the busy ploughman fallows the clay-bound soil, or sows the next year's crop. The townsman smoaks his pipe at ease—and the rich man lays in his winter store, preparing for those nights when the cheerful fire blazes on the hearth.

NOVEMBER.— Winter with bold strides advancing now envelopes the gay metropolis

Year of War.

sold. Two of my boys grown to manhood were upon my hands, out of pla[illegible] what could a father do?—he could not see them starve—there was no work to be had for the industrious—Alas! alas! those fatal orders in council, resorted to by ministers, put an end to commerce, and ruined the manufacturer—it filled the work-houses with the indigent, and the streets with beggars. Domestic trade was confided to the monopolist and the empyric. All is over, Sir. I have laboured hard, but like the community at large, I have suffered. I am neither an empyric or monopolist—but I am a bankrupt in my old age—now while bowing to the grave—after years of labor, and an honest struggle to pay my way!" The old man concluded his story, and wrung a tear from my heart. Oh, be ye accursed, I cried, who wantonly draw the sword from the sheath—ye are more destroying than the spring locust, who, hovering o'er the budding plant, alight clustering on its tender head. Adieu, old man—God be with—God be with you.

NOVEMBER.—Hide me from that frightful form—my blood turns to icicles while viewing

Year of Peace.

with chilling fogs—the winds blow cold and stormy, and the drifting sleet houses the pedestrian—but the hilarity within derides the cold and gloom without. The fire burns bright alike in the noble hall, or in the dwelling of the humble mechanic. Here wine flows, and gives a spur to more refined wit—there the smiling ale is quaffed to the lively song—the cards are dealt at Crispin's board, and two-penny whist delights the humble. Sweet meek'd-eyed Peace! what are the beings thou dost confirm to the country over which thou dost preside. The liberal landlord—the rich manufacturer—the wealthy merchant—the easy trader—the industrious mechanic, with few wants, but easily attained—the humble labourer, enjoying his pipe and pot—and the cottager with his warm coating—come then, November, sterile come—we can smile at thy frosty brow, and hail thee as the social month.

Year of War.

him—shelter me from those penetrating dews which pierce to my palsied bones—throw a blanket over my loins, that they feel not those cold moist winds which fill all my frame with aches. Have I no home?—no bed?—no warm clothing?—Alas, was not my summer's toil equal to my winter's support. Hence November, gaunt form—my soul sickens at thee—thou dost fill my soul with despondency; "on the next tree *could I* hang;" but see by whom and what his death-like giant person is surrounded. War sterilizes at his command. See how he courts—the rich contractor, who grinds from the poor, is well fed, and stoutly clothed—Lo, the lawyer too, and his bailiffs, fat blood-hunters, who feed on their fellow man — see the whole host of *placemen, pensioners*, and *reversionists*, who roll their carriage wheels over the necks of the famished manufacturer—yon gross churchwarden too, see, he whips him, the hungry, from the workhouse gate; ah! he fears the poor shall eat the next vestry dinner—behold, the prisons are crowded with naked wretches crying aloud for mercy. But turn your eyes from such dull scenes as those, and

Year of Peace.

DECEMBER.—Come, Winter, come, gay December, with thy brow bound round with holly, and thy sprigs of misletoe; beckoning in thy train the roasted chine, the smoaking sirloin, and the stuffed turkey, with rich plumb pudding, the Christmas pie, and all the luxuries that deck thy festive board. Come and welcome

Year of War.

behold the premier's table supplied by every luxury, and surrounded by the *representatives* of the people. November is not felt here—the groans of the wretched ascend not here to disturb the hilarity of the day. No, ministers have determined that the people *must* make great sacrifices to support the present war—a war inevitable, not *sought* by them, but a war of extermination, involving the rights, liberties, and properties of Englishmen — large sacrifices must be made to support the war!—to support the profligate expenditure of the public money—to support princes, ministers, w—-s, placemen, pensioners, contractors, spies, thief-takers, common informers, &c. and to enable ministers to carry a majority in the House of Parliament by *bribing* the representatives of the people.

DECEMBER.—Place me an urn beneath yon drooping yew, and write me these lines upon an Old Friend.

Sacred to the Memory
of
OLD BRITISH HOSPITALITY,
A social and a cheerful Soul,
who
Struggled through many Centuries,

Year of Peace.

the stranger to the f[illegible] and let the honest brow [illegible] decked with smiles. Cr[illegible] ou the year with joy—let t[illegible] wine circulate, and the ale flow—let the gambols commence, gay and varied as they were wont to be. Hark! the tuneful weights at midnight hail—the Christmas come. Oh, rapture to the mind content—where each wheel in this worldly machine moves without obstruction—what are the joys each varying season brings!—Peace, the great harmonizer of all, lends new tints of beauty t[illegible] varying nature. And

"The charmed heart by such a
[illegible]ancy won,
Lives all its days ere yet they're
but begun."

Year of War.

And
Saw many Changes
unimpaired.
He lived
When Men were reputed
Savages,
And
Weathered through the Progress of Civilization
undismayed.

He was never known to have suffered an hour's ill-health until within these last fifty years, when his constitution first betrayed symptoms of decay. In various stages of infirmity he languished his latter years; and only then expired, when

An *efficient Ministry*
proclaimed interminable War, taxed his salt—took ten per cen[illegible] from his income—and by various bleeding and cathartics dried up his veins, and exhausted his animal resources—He died on the 1st day of December, 1812, and was succeeded in his paternal estates by his co-heirs

Rapine, Penury, and
Poverty.

GUILDHALL FEASTS AND BANKRUPTS.

Mr. Editor,

On the day after the late civic feast, when Mr. Alderman Scholey assumed the enviable dignity of Lord Mayor, it was my misfortune to be drawn to the Guildhall to attend my last examination before the commissioners of bankrupts—my feelings, you may judge, on such an occasion, were not of the most agreeable nature. I went to make my final surrender. Well, Sir, that was an act of justice due to those creditors whose property I had enthralled, and it was with an honest pride I looked over my books, and with my hand upon my heart could assert, that all was fair, and that although I could not pay more than ten shillings in the pound, yet the deficiency was not occasioned by extravagance on my part, by thoughtlessness, or any other blameable cause, but from the severe pressure of the times which had reduced the value of my goods on hand full 150 per cent. and by bad debts, contracted not by dishonest men, but by those who, similarly pressed, had fallen into ruin. Oh, Sir, if you can feel for the poor bankrupt, picked out from the herd, deserted by the fattened kine, and left to shed his tears alone and unseen upon the rock of misfortune—you may judge what a moment of pangs this was—even though an honest heart inspired confidence and fortitude. The next moment I was to deliver up the last wreck of my broken fortunes, and the moment after was to see me houseless—me and my family. But not to dwell upon the painful reflections which suggest themselves at this dreaded period of trial, let me at once draw your attention to the professed object of this communication. Well, Sir, it was the day after the late civic festival, known as the Lord Mayor's day, that I was summoned to surrender to my creditors all that remained of my former means.

I entered the Guildhall with faultering step and palpitating heart; it was crowded by commissioners. Unfortunate men, like myself, standing the test of inquiry, and of anxious creditors, assuming to themselves the right of examination, and of cutting the sickened heart by (in many instances) the coarsest epithets of abuse and degradation—my turn was soon to come—and during the interval my eye wandered carelessly over this Gothic hall, until rivetted by the remains of the previous day's grandeur. "Heavens!" I mentally exclaimed, "what a contrast! but yesterday this was the seat of luxury, and the sensual soul was lighted up to joy by those festoons of lamps still expiring by the gay circulating glass, brimmed with the liquid dream of pleasure by the national toast exciting to king and country, and by the enlivening song cheering the lagging cup, and giving to the day the very acme of delight—To-day, how gloomy! those clustered lamps, in some of which the quivering light still hangs in dubious existence, shews us how evanescent is delight—how insecure the great man's greatness. The steams of meat still flagging on the sense, unpalatable, those piles of bottles, and those broken rows, bespeak profusion gone, intoxication over—the *happy* parties are fled, and are succeeded by the fallen bankrupt and the clamorous creditor—the glass is succeeded by the ink-horn and the fatal pen that is to sign away the last relics of the broken man's fallen fortunes—the toast is succeeded by the commissioner's stern demand, and the loud shouts of applause, by the clamours of those dreading a greater loss than may probably fall to their share. Where is now the enlivening song?—it is no more—but hark! it is succeeded by the soul-sobbings of despair! Why are these remains left still hanging—are they to make grief more poignant? are they left as typical of former days, and to make the wretched feel from what they are fallen, and how much degraded by misfortune?—is it not unseemly that the Guildhall of London should be one day the scene of riot, and the next, the bar to

which the wretched debtor is dragged?—but how much more unseemly is it, that the remains of the pomp of yesterday should be left to jade his tearful eye and mock his misery—he sees an empty bottle rolling at his feet, and exclaims in agony, " Alas, thy price of yesterday would have purchased my poor family at home their this day's dinner." These were the painful reflections which passed rapidly across my brain while waiting my turn of trial; and my ear continually greeted with " here sat Lord Castlereagh;" here " the Earl of Liverpool;" here " the Spanish Ambassador," &c. &c. I determined on quitting the hall, sending them through the medium of your excellent Expositor of Imbecility and Folly, an invitation to a meeting of creditors at the Guildhall of London, at that place where they had so nobly regaled. Yes, Sir, and I think the treat to which I invite them, will be as rich, though not to the palate, yet to the heart—aye, rich as the Lord Mayor's dinner, where they eat so hearty—drank so deeply—and spoke so sentimentally—they will there have illustrations of the happiness of the nation whose resources they so ably husband—they will there see the glorious effect of their orders in council on trade and commerce—that their wise and efficient measures are salutary and beneficial, and that if bankruptcy is a proof of national prosperity, which they have so often asserted, we are happily approaching to its climax, and that in a few short months they may loudly announce it. Having said so much, Sir, ere I take my leave, allow me to make a few corrections in the signification of three words—*Banker, Bankrupt*, and *Baronet*, previous to a new edition of Johnson's Dictionary. I should have by no means been inclined to quarrel with his interpretation thirty years ago, but times and circumstances have so changed that they can no longer be permitted to stand as properly defined on the authority of Johnson.

Banker, according to Johnson, one who keeps a *bank*, " a place where money is laid up to be called for occasionally."

Now, Sir, if this is the real signification of bank—a banker ought to be a man qualified by *integrity* to become a *servant* of the public, and as such servant he cannot but be guilty of felony in making *any* use of that money which is entrusted to him. But I submit it to you whether I am correct in asserting (with very few exceptions) that banker means a dealer in fictitious money—in paper currency—a speculator and gambler in the funds—one who receives in *trust* the ready money of the capitalist, and converts it to his own use; in short whether too frequently—banker is not synonimous with bankrupt!

Bankrupt, on the same authority, is one—" in debt beyond the power of payment." But on the legal definition we find it means little better than " a felonious debtor," one who comes within the meaning of the statute to prevent frauds, &c. —and indeed a capital punishment awaits the wretched man who does not fairly disclose his property and surrender it. According to Johnson, if bankrupt means one who cannot pay, it must be matter of surprize that the Gazette has not yet contained any of our Honorables and Right Honorables of the court: we have never yet read of the meetings of the creditors of his Royal Highness the ——— or the Duke of ———, or of any dividend ever having been made of their effects—no, Sir, bankrupt means the ruined tradesman, who forced to pay the exactions of the state, is minus with his creditors, and whose books being full of demands on the fat locusts of the court, who having plundered him of his property by honoring him with their commands—is compelled by the coercion of the law to give up the remains of his shattered substance to commissioners, lawyers, and creditors.

Baronet, according to Johnson, and its original institution, meant a secondary class of barons, and being the lowest hereditary honor, no person was qualified for this dignity who could not prove himself of gentlemanly descent, and was not possessed of one thousand a year.—On accepting the title he bound himself to maintain three hundred soldiers for three years at three pence per diem, a sum equal to £1200. which was to be paid into his majesty's exchequer. Old baronets pride themselves highly on their title, but modern instances of creation may probably draw it into disrepute—gentlemanly descent being no longer a *necessary* qualification. If the

party be a contractor or a creature of the court the title will sit well on the common lawyer—the reverend editor of a newspaper—or the physician, or a surgeon.

The STATESMAN NEWSPAPER.

When a public journal has obtained an extensive influence over the morals and political opinions of a large portion of society, the private character and conduct of the individuals to whom its direction is committed, become the legitimate objects of discussion and inquiry. It may be useful for the community to know how far their political guides may deserve their confidence, and what degree of reliance may be placed in doubtful or intricate questions, on their candour as partizans, and their honesty as the reporters and collectors of intelligence. Our readers will perceive that in another part of the present number we have done justice to a bigotted advocate of every existing ministry; and the same sense of duty that guided our delineation of the principles and manners of a Stuart, excites us to the present exposition of the principles and character of a Lovell.

The Statesman newspaper was established by one T——, a notorious gambler, whose name has been exhibited to the public in conjunction with that of Dawson, lately executed at Cambridge for poisoning Lord Foley's horses. It was written in a vapid and rambling style; neither directed by any determined principle, nor animated by the energy of political enthusiasm. The want of animation, however, was supplied by a superabundance of scurrility against all parties, and on every side of the question; though their most outrageous tirades were directed against the ostensible friends of liberty, and particularly against the person and writings of William Cobbett. The sale of the paper was therefore extremely

circumscribed; and its establisher, Mr. T——, tired and ashamed of the concern, disposed of his share for a comparative trifle. About three weeks after his secession the O. P. war broke out at Covent Garden theatre. Unaware of the extent to which its operations would be carried, and unwilling to endanger their free admissions by opposing the wishes of the manager, the other papers were either lukewarm in the cause of the public, or absolutely hostile to its claims. As the contest proceeded that paper therefore which took an active part in the promotion of O. P.-ism, became of course the oracle of the multitude; the journal of theatrical proceedings was indeed more remarkable for vehemence than wit, and for scurrility than correctness; but it was well accommodated to the understandings and the feelings of the Winholts and the Percys, and atoned by its zeal for its literary and moral imperfections. In the course of a few weeks the paper rose from a declining state to a very respectable circulation.

Having discovered the expedience of coinciding in opinion with the multitude, its editor became the most vehement advocate of reform, and the active and favoured partizan of the Hunts and the Wardles. As the organ of a party, independent of his literary merits, the Statesman obtained a circulation as regular as it was extensive, and had just attained the summit of prosperity, when the restless imprudence of Mr. Lovel occasioned the secession of its editor, and the subsequent establishment of the Alfred.

It is not our intention to descant with any superfluous degree of personal severity on the conduct and character of an individual, labouring under the deprivation of liberty, and under the complicated miseries of sickness, apprehension, and disappointment; yet it may be an act of no equivocal friendship to point out the errors by which, without any solid gratification to compensate for the loss, his property is endangered; nor can it be otherwise than useful to the public to caution them

against an unwary confidence in a journalist, who sacrifices every public duty and every generous feeling to the gratification of a moody and revengeful spirit. It might have been expected from an individual in the possession of a valuable property, dependent for its existence and accumulation on the approbation of the public, that he should sacrifice every party feeling of resentment for imaginary wrongs, to the impartial performance of his public duty, and to the consequent promotion of his individual interest; that he would not for the gratification of a contemptible ambition, and of mean and grovelling passions, endanger his means of present support, and of future independence, nor forfeit his claims to public confidence by the most negligent, or the most unprincipled dereliction of his duty as a journalist. But as a private individual Mr. Lovel has been the most improvident and unfortunate of men. Since his accession to the undivided property, the management of the paper has been intrusted to men neither acquainted with the routine, nor equal to the management of a political journal. Beneath their superintendance it has usually flourished, but no sooner had the rise of the paper to an unexpected circulation, rewarded the labours of any one of these individuals than his employer became anxious for his dismissal. Vain, restless, and morose, he could not bear within the circle of his observation, any dependant to whom his good fortune could be ascribed, or to whom it might be suspected that he owed an obligation. Even when no personal feeling towards his editors intruded, he sacrificed the reputation of his paper to ungrammatical tirades against his brother journalists: his editors expostulated—Mr. Lovel was astonished at their insolence—and the paper was left to the guidance of Mr. Lovel and the printer. For the last five weeks, we are credibly informed that the *Statesman* has been without an editor, and is chiefly compiled from the morning papers, with the addition of the leading article, and an occasional letter

from a F. or a S—ck. Its literary pretensions therefore are more humble than those of any journal with which we are acquainted; its sophisms are without the grace of plausibility; its wilful preversions betray the motives which gave them birth; and the ribaldry and vulgarity that characterize its political discussions, degrade the cause, and weaken the truths that they are intended to support. As the natural consequence of these peculiarities its sale and reputation are in a state of gradual decline, and Mr. Lovel sacrifices a thousand a year for the pleasure of having his own way, and the gratification of being called "the Editor of the Statesman."

But it is not to the negligence and imbecility with which the paper is conducted, that we wish to call the attention and reprobation of the reader; he displays in every column that contains an original article the most inveterate and shameless partiality. Whatever intelligence may arrive unfavorable to the cause of England or her allies, he dwells upon with the most frequent and lengthened prolixity; but if the purport of continental news be unpropitious to the fortunes of Napoleon, it is entirely omitted, or receives only a casual and evasive comment. The passage of the Drissa, therefore, is descanted on at length, and elucidated by copious extracts, and extended speculations, while the retreat from Moscow is dismissed as a matter of subordinate consideration; and while he is diffusely vehement on the inactivity of the Spaniards, and denominates the conqueror of Salamanca by the ironical appellation of the *great Lord*, he passes over the details of the conspiracy at Paris by a promise which he forgets to perform, of recurring to the subject at an early opportunity.

The *Constitution*, a Sunday paper, proceeding from the same office, is conducted with *equal* talent, and on similar principles. Approving, as we do, of the great cause which the Editors ostensibly advocate, we cannot but regret that it should be weakened or endangered by the mercenary labours of individuals who regard literary

patriotism as a *trade*, and confound the performance of a public duty with the gratification of private malignity. An indiscreet partizan is the most dangerous of enemies, and the sophistry of a Stuart less inimical to the cause of political freedom than the ravings of a Shadwick.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MAJOR SCOTT WARING TO MRS. ESTEN.

Esten once more is full of glee,
The Major's mansion sharing;
Which clearly proves, though *elderly*,
She's not the worse for WEARING.

Written on visiting the cellars under the Parliament House, as is usual at the Meeting of Parliament to discover whether any Modern Guy Fawkes was there concealed.

" My Lord, my Lord, make haste down stairs,
" Before the Bishop says his prayers,
" Before the Regent makes his speech;
" Let's see if rogues are in our reach,
" *I smell a plot!* Look there—the tubs!
" I fear me much some new hubbubs"—
As thus the lordly steward said—
With fear he trembled—shook his head.
When to the tubs alarmed, he clung,
Then gave a rap—out flew the bung—
The dip was made—and straitway fear
Fled from the lordly steward's ear.
No gunpowder within was seen,
But what was fit for king or queen,
Or peer, or commoner so gay—
" Why, then, my lord, I pray"—
" Within, good sir,—'twas clean and fine
'Twas rosy sparkling 'Porto *wine*,
I tasted it and d——— forgot
November and the Popish Plot!!!"

THE ... MAHARAJA SERFOJI ... AL.

WAR EPIGRAM.

When banners of war were unfurled in the North,
The Corsican kicked up a row
But Alec in triumph sends Bull-etins forth
To tell Bull he's retaken Mos-cow!

The deeds of the Russians resound far and near,
May their valour still keep up the fuss,
And Boney too late find his fam'd *Russ de Guerre*
Must give place to a *Guerre de la* Russ!

FRENCH AND RUSSIANS.

Invasion points the road to fame,
And *murder* joins the dreadful rout;
French liberty is but a name,
This truth no mortal man can doubt.

But Justice overtakes the foe,
And Russian heroes Boney scoff—
"Begar," says Nap, "here be de row,
"For see they come to—Kut-us-off!"

CAT SHOOTING.

One night Tom got so foully drunk
He needs must roll into a punk,
When Mary said, "your sparkling eyes
Do *shoot* so bright they me surprize,"
"Indeed" (said Ned, his friend at hand)
"Just now as passing through the Strand,
To *shoot* determined was his aim,
But what, I am ashamed to name—"
"Leave shame at distance," Mary bawls,
"And let us know what hero falls,"
"Why then," said Ned, "he aim took at
And shot"—"Eh, what?"—"he shot--the cat!"

DR. BUSBY.

Busby, the hero of his own narration,
Shines most, his son informs us, in translation.
What pity then that from amidst his books,
Some friend does not *translate* him to St. Luke's.

ELECTION EPIGRAM.

Downpatrick electors are lads of the village,
They respect honest men, and detest those who pillage,
Thus when the election for members came on,
Exclaimed "*Erin go bragh!* and a clap for poor JOHN!"
Master HAWTHORN *hedged* in with his good-humoured face,
Bekase he had neither got pension nor place:
In defending their rights they believed him no joker,
For tight Irish boys always turn out a—CROKER!

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

DRURY-LANE.—The managers of this elegant theatre seem to have hitherto considered that the decorative splendour of the internal building would and *ought* to afford sufficient gratification to the public; but while they have been patronized by a liberality almost unprecedented, they have begun to feel that a theatre without puppets is like a richly spread table without viands; for as the latter, although it may please the eye, will by no means satisfy the appetite, so the former will necessarily pall upon the sight when there is nothing to amuse and gratify the ears of reason. The company, if we except the operatic and the comic departments in one or two instances, has hitherto been disgraceful to a London theatre, and insulting to a London audience. The pieces performed have been those dragged from the Lyceum, and which had there wearied by frequent repetition, and even those pieces have been so miserably cast, and such despicable performers thrust forward in parts requiring talent, that nothing but disappointment has been experienced by the public, and no duty left to the critic, but to severely condemn. These were our impressions, and it has been

with real pain that we have witnessed such performers as Dowton, Bannister, Elliston, and one or two more, herding with such a pack. Mrs. Davison, the ci-devant Miss Duncan, is admirable we all acknowledge; she is a deserving favorite of the town; but it has been with the greatest concern we have seen her propping up the house on every evening, sometimes in play and farce, night after night—no relaxation—because they have had no substitute for her.

The committee of management, however, begin to feel that as the novelty of the new theatre is subsiding, something more is requisite to stimulate public curiosity; and to this feeling we owe the appearance of Mr. Rae upon the boards of Drury, and the promise of Mr. Pope and Miss Smith.

Mr. Rae has very successfully appeared three times in the character of Hamlet to an admiring and a crowded audience, and has imparted all that feeling, all those rich tints of coloring to the noble hero of our immortal bard, which we have in vain looked for upon the stage—if we except John Kemble, and him alone. Mr. Rae is a very superior actor, and has evinced great judgment and discrimination in his performance: his conceptions are original and matured by study—he avoids not the emphasis of more practised performers to give a reading of his own, when his good sense points out to him that the emphasis is rightly placed—but he treads in their steps without rendering himself liable; to the censure of being a servile imitator, and he strikes out new beauties, where his contemporaries have seen no clue for more than ordinary pathos and expression. In natural qualifications he is by no means deficient, though he possesses none that are eminently striking. His countenance is tolerably animated—his person graceful and easy, and his voice flowing and articulate, but certainly not possessing, according to this specimen, any of those intonations which give peculiar dignity in the tragic walk of the drama, and which at intervals astound and charm—How long are we to be disgusted with Mr. Wallack in Laertes!

Among the most popular revivals rank Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and have a Wife." Elliston's Leon cannot be considered as among the most successful of his exhibitions; he by no means conceives the part justly. In his first introduction to Margueritta he wholly mistakes the author, or sacrifices his judgment to amuse the gallery by grimace. In-

stead of that mental vacancy which the author means to pourtray—he gave to his words and looks the very contrary expressions—he looked and spoke so subtle and designing that we could hardly restrain our feeling of indignation at the contemptible weakness of the lady who could not see through it.—Was this proper?—was this giving the language of the author its full force and meaning? Margueritta is repressed as an accomplished and a sensible lady—none but fools could have been deceived by Elliston's marked and pointed portraiture. As the husband he was more faithful to the original, and if he would assume a little more of the dignity of the gentleman, and a little less of that rant and mouthing which he has so eminently acquired at the Surrey, he would be much more successful. Mrs. Orger was the Margueritta, and a woeful performance it was—Mrs. Glover would have played the part well—and given it all the interest it was capable of—she was very arch and animated in Estifania, but we think Mrs. Edwin would have looked and played it better. Bannister's Copper Captain was highly comic, and drew down great and deserved applause.

Covent-Garden.—We omitted in our last month's publication noticing the revivals at this theatre of the Lord of the Manor, an opera, from the pen of General Burgoyne, and the Tempest, of our immortal Shakspeare, but it would not be doing justice to the proprietors, however we may differ with them in opinion as to the principles of fair dealing, to refuse them the applause which in these instances their exertions have so justly merited. The Lord of the Manor is an interesting opera, containing much originality of character, and many interesting situations; the language is playful and easy, and in parts vigorous and energetic, the songs are very happily composed, and the whole piece claims to be on a level with the most popular of Bickerstaff's. It is admirably cast in character, the performers do ample justice to their respective parts. The Tempest is assuredly at this theatre one of the most splendid exhibitions on the stage; the manner in which it is got up is perfectly accordant with the classic imagery of the great bard—our limits will not allow us to indulge much in the description, and the merits of the actors are already before the public—Young is every thing we could have looked for in Prospero, and Miss Bolton looks and sings

Ariel sweetly; but we think she is somewhat too full grown for the part.

Our attention has been chiefly excited by the reappearance of M. Betty on the metropolitan boards, and in characters, with only one exception, new to the modern stage. We had determined on reviewing the fair pretensions of this gentleman to the enormous salary of *fifty pounds* per night, and entering elaborately into a critique on every character in which he has appeared: this intention circumstances compel us to relinquish until our next number, when we propose commencing a new volume, with a more regular critique on the drama, confining it no longer to the limited space it has found in our journal, and thereby gratifying the wishes of several correspondents.

TO THE READER.

Mrs. Sellis, and the Royal Family, shall find a niche.

Q. is informed that the feature he alludes to, "Fashionable Biography," *has long been an object earnestly sought for by the proprietor, and he feels happy in announcing that he has at length been able to perfect a source of information on this head, which will enable him in future to present his readers with a Memoir monthly.*

Theatricus's complaints are just—the Theatre has hitherto formed but a very minor feature of the "Scourge." It will be more particularly attended to in future.

The Rev. Mr. Maberly's Address to "Members of Parliament," against Popery, has been received, and shall be examined in our next.

W. N. Jones, Printer, 5, Newgate-street, London.